

# THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS, NEUTRAL IN NOTHING AND FOR THE RIGHT AS WE UNDERSTAND THE RIGHT TO BE.

Vol VII. No. 20.

J. J. BURKE  
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

Antioch, Illinois, Thursday Morning, January 11, 1894.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.  
STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

## Antioch Time Table, Wisconsin Central Line.

Going North		Going South	
Arv. at Antioch	Arv. at Chicago	Arv. at Antioch	Arv. at Chicago
No. 1, 10:40 P.M.	No. 2, 5:00 A.M.	No. 3, 5:00 P.M.	No. 4, 9:25 P.M.
No. 7, 3:00 A.M.	No. 8, 7:30 P.M.	No. 9, 10:15 A.M.	No. 10, 3:45 P.M.
No. 11, 1:15 P.M.	No. 12, 4:15 P.M.	No. 13, 6:15 P.M.	No. 14, 9:15 P.M.
Reference marks: * stop on signal. † daily.		Reference marks: * stop on signal. † daily.	
* daily except Sunday. † daily except Sunday and Monday.		* daily except Sunday. † daily except Sunday and Monday.	

Entered at the Antioch Post-office for transmission through the mails as second-class matter.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. \$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN 60 DAYS.

J. J. BURKE, EDITOR.

## Antioch Home News.

Percy Chinn is suffering severely from vaccination.

Mrs. Dr. Fisher, of Chicago, visited relatives here last week.

The News and Chicago Weekly Journal to new subscribers for \$1.50 per year.

R. C. Jones contemplates erecting a store building upon his lot on the east side of Main street.

Be careful about fishing through the ice. The law is in force although there are no fish warden.

The first week of trade of this year compared favorably with that of 1893, though cash is not as plentiful.

If your cap becomes so dilapidated that your appearance under it does not please your friends perhaps they'll buy you a new one.

Henry Ingalls intends building on his lot opposite the drug store soon. The building has been rented for two years and will be occupied as soon as completed.

The Waukesha Hygienic company refused to make any agreement whatever with the Board of Trustees in regard to furnishing water for fire protection.

Dr. Williamson assisted with the revival meetings during last week and until Monday evening of this week. The services were well attended throughout the entire series of meetings.

We have heard nothing of late of a musical convention here. Many are looking forward to Prof. Straub's coming and will be disappointed if arrangements are not made for a convention here.

Are you interested in the serial story now running on the eighth page of this paper? If not you should be. Each chapter becomes more and more interesting.

The little folks all gathered at the residence of Will Gray Friday evening to extend their best wishes to Miss Nellie, on her birthday.

The merry-makers had a jolly time and will not soon forget the pleasant event.

It is not an uncommon occurrence to see a team standing on the streets without being hitched or with no one to watch it. When a team runs away and smashes things to pieces the only remark will be, "they weren't hitched." This thing of leaving horses loose with no one to look after them ought to be stopped.

Owing to a lucky purchase of a job lot of fine stationery from a Chicago house that was closing out their entire stock, we are enabled to furnish you your printed matter this year cheaper than ever before. We will make a reduction on letter heads, note heads, statements, bill heads, cards and envelopes, of ten per cent. This is only good for two weeks or while stock lasts.

Mr. Jebb, president of the sugar refinery company which owns the plant at Waukegan has been charged with fraud by the other stock-holders, who object to the sale of the Waukegan plant. The matter is now in the courts and the outcome is doubtful as yet. There is no prospect of the works starting again within any reasonable length of time.

The funeral services of Charles Drom were held Monday at the Liberty church. Mr. Drom died in Chicago and was brought to his old home for burial. He was well known here as his boyhood was spent in this locality. For the past few years he has lived in Chicago where his family now reside. A wife and daughter survive him. His death was a surprise to his friends, he being in the prime of life and the youngest member of a large family. The funeral was well attended, nearly all of his old companions being present to witness the last sacred rites pronounced over the mortal remains of their beloved friend and associate.

Mort Truesdell, of Twin Lakes, has been appointed fish warden for the district of southeastern Wisconsin. He is untiring in his efforts to see the letter of the law carried out and has made many arrests which have resulted in conviction and heavy fines have been imposed upon the culprits. It is immaterial to Mort who it is that breaks the law. Everyone is served alike.

Sauer kraut in any quantity at C. O. Foltz & Co.'s.

Whitcher & Shotliff are making extensive improvements to the interior of their market.

Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Willett have been entertaining company from Chicago the past two weeks, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Walkup.

The Waukesha Hygienic company refused to make any agreement whatever with the Board of Trustees in regard to furnishing water for fire protection.

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George Huber is very sick.

L. J. Simons paid a visit to Chicago Tuesday.

Alex Tweed, postmaster at Fox Lake, was a caller at our office Monday.

James Hooper, of Burlington, is spending a few days in Antioch visiting friends and relatives.

Mrs. W. H. Emmons takes pride in a new upright piano, which arrived Tuesday of this week.

Andrew Efinger, of Waukegan, visited friends and relatives here Tuesday, and made this office a pleasant call.

C. G. Foltz, one of Burlington's most enterprising and successful business men and father of C. O. Foltz, of our city, was in town Friday.

Don't forget Barlow, Hatch & Co's great offer. A large, neat frame with every dozen cabinet photographs. Come now while the offer holds good.

DIED.—Mrs. John Johnson, of Russell. Deceased was a bride of one year. Much sympathy is expressed for Mr. Johnson in this his greatest trial.

Fred Battershall, of Gray's Lake, was on our streets last Saturday. Fred is a wide-awake business man and one who we would like to see locate with us.

Until further notice Barlow, Hatch & Co., the photographers, will give an elegant frame with every dozen cabinet photographs. Call at the gallery and see them.

The revival meetings at the M. E. church will continue every night this week. They have proved quite successful thus far and many have united with the church within the past two weeks.

Dentist Olecott is rushed with work owing to the fact that his prices are right and his work the best. Don't suffer from aching teeth when you can have them extracted without pain and replaced with new ones.

Rev. M. A. Bruton will deliver a lecture at Wilton's opera house on Friday evening, January 20th. The lecturer has chosen for his subject "Civil and Religious Liberty," and will doubtless give a learned and logical discourse on the subject. Admission to lecture 25 cents. The people of Antioch and surrounding country should turn out in large numbers and give Rev. Bruton a cordial welcome.

The officers of Lotus Camp M. W. A. were installed at the meeting of the camp Monday evening. Neighbors Hanson and Robbins, Trevor camp, and Neighbor Manor, of Genoa Junction camp, were visitors at the meeting. Neighbor Sol La Plant was duly initiated a member of Lotus camp. The camp now numbers forty-seven members in good standing, and will hold its next regular meeting Monday evening January 15th.

Those who are interested in a debating society will meet at Chinn's Hall Friday evening at 8 o'clock. This meeting will be held for the purpose of organizing a literary and debating society. There are many in town who are waiting for some one to start and will immediately fall in line as soon as the start is made. Everybody should come out. If arrangements can be made an impromptu debate will be held Friday evening. Any one wishing to take part may do so. The question will be decided upon after reaching the hall. Come everyone who is in search of information and amusement. This invitation is general and includes both ladies and gentlemen, living in the village or in the vicinity. Remember the hour, 8 p. m.

Notice the change in C. O. Foltz Co's ad.

Miss Lettie Wheeler, of Wilmet, visiting her sister Mrs. W. J. French.

Miss Carrie Chard met her vocal class at the Simons House Wednesday afternoon.

We have a few hanging lamps and stand lamps left, which we will sell at reduced prices. C. O. Foltz & Co.

Fred Cannon will start for Valparaiso Monday, where he will resume his studies of the higher branches taught there.

The head carpenter employed at the new ice house of Kurz & Haegle at Salem, fell Friday a distance of sixteen feet, breaking his arm at the elbow, which caused his death at an early hour Wednesday morning.

I am prepared to furnish instruction in shorthand to a limited number of pupils, either in a class or by mail. For terms and particulars call on or address Frank Horton, (at Foltz's store) Antioch, Ill.

No clue has yet been obtained of the parties who took part in entering Williams Bros' store one night last week. They evidently were satisfied with their "haul" as they have paid no more midnight visits in our village and we have heard nothing of any robberies in the neighboring towns. They evidently concluded to let well enough alone.

Have you given a thought as to who you would suggest to serve on the village board, members of which will be elected this spring. In deciding upon who will in your opinion be best qualified to administer the laws of the village, don't be guided by your own interests alone, nor by the views of your neighbor. Judge for yourself and favor the candidates who will in your own estimation deal justly with every one, show favors to no one and treat the village organization not as a scheme for personal gain but as an advantage to the village as a whole.

The proprietors of the various summer resorts around the lakes are making preparations to accommodate large numbers of resorters during the coming season. Will they be disappointed or not? If the present hard times continue, which is not likely, there will be only a limited number of people that can afford to come out and enjoy the lake breezes, but in case business becomes prosperous there is no doubt that there will be a rush for the lakes as soon as the weather becomes warm enough to make outdoor life enjoyable.

Rev. John Williamson delivered a lecture to the men and boys of this community Sunday afternoon at Chinn's hall. It having been announced at the church that Rev. Williamson would speak, the fact became known far and wide and a large crowd came out to hear what he had to say. The subject of his discourse was "The Seven Things that God Hates." The speaker dwelt at length upon each one of the things that God dislikes and impressed upon the minds of his hearers the fact that to be on good terms with God they must hate what he hates and love what he loves. The audience listened attentively to the entire lecture and sanctioned the speaker's opinions by rising to their feet when asked if they hated these things also. The afternoon was one not to be forgotten by those present. The speaker's words, manner of delivery and the earnestness of his appeal to man's better thoughts undoubtedly placed new ideas in the minds of many. Could these lectures be continued the influence over those who attended would be a great benefit to our community.

You are cordially invited to inspect our Large and Well Selected Stock of.....

**SERGE, CAMEL HAIR, DIACONALS, WHIP CORDS, FRISE SUITINGS, AND BENJALINES.**

Former Price 60 to 75 Cents. Now at the Extreme Low Price of **50Cts.**

Our large line of Plush and Cloth Wraps have been selling fast but we have a few more and at the Price we will quote you it will pay you to buy for next year.

**C. O. FOLTZ & CO.,** ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.

## A NARROW ESCAPE.

Fire Destroys the Millinery Stock of Mrs. Taylor.

Sunday evening about 7 p. m. fire was discovered in the millinery store of Mrs. May Taylor and before the flames were extinguished her entire stock, with few exceptions, was either consumed in the flames or damaged past repair by water. How the fire originated is shrouded in mystery, as Mrs. Taylor was out at supper when the fire started and discovered the flames on her return to the store. From the best evidence obtained it appears that a lighted hanging lamp by some means fell to the floor and thus started the fire. It was indeed very fortunate for the residents of this village that the fire was discovered in time, as had it got under full headway it would have in all probability destroyed a number of buildings along the street. The loss on stock belonging to Mrs. Taylor we have been unable to learn, but understand it was insured for its full insurable value.

Death of Col. W. A. James.

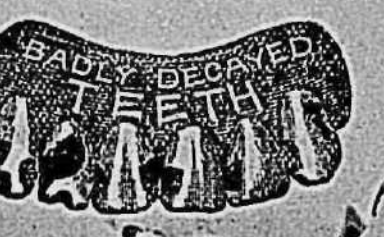
Col. W. A. James, a prominent resident of Highland Park, died at his home in that city December 30th. Mr. James was prominent in political circles as well as in the social requirements of life and was a member of the legislature from this district in 1875, 1877 and 1879, being elected speaker of the Thirty-first General Assembly. In 1878 he was president of the republican state convention. He was mayor of Highland Park for two terms and was one of the first to enlist in the war of the rebellion, in which he made a splendid record, being discharged as captain in 1865, after his third enlistment, and was breveted colonel for splendid service during the war. A wife and one son survive him. The remains were laid at rest in Lake Forest cemetery.

TRAMP PROBLEM SOLVED.

Florida Offers Its Unemployed the Alternative of Work or Jail.

When they find a tramp in Florida nowadays they haul him before the nearest police justice and offer him his choice the alternative—either to go to work on the East Coast Line railroad at \$1.25 per diem, or to go to jail for three months. They take the tramp's word to begin with. They recognize him as a well-meaning but unfortunate creature who yearns for honest toil, but who has been made the sport of evil chance and lack of opportunity.

IF YOU HAVE



**GEO. R. OLCOTT, DENTIST,**

ANTIOCH, ILL.

He Can Save Them

OR EXTRACT THEM

.. WITHOUT PAIN ..

**FRED PITMAN, ANTIOCH, - ILLINOIS,**

Manufacturer and Dealer in

**HAND-MADE HARNESS**

Whips, Robes and Blankets.

I handle a line of the very best Machine made goods and sell the same

**AT BED ROCK PRICES.**

In the line of Custom work and Repairs I use the Best Oak tanned Leather and will fill your order for a set of

**HAND MADE HARNESS**

at a price as low as other dealers ask

**For Harness made by Machinery.**

I offer a Special Discount on

**STRAPS, BRIDLES & HALTERS,**

**AND WILL DO REPAIR WORK**

**AT LIVE AND LET LIVE PRICES.**

Call in and let me quote you prices on

**A LARGE LINE OF BLANKETS**

now in stock ready for inspection.

Yours anxiously to please, **FRED PITMAN.**

**JEWELRY.**

I am daily adding to my stock

and now have a nice lot of first

class goods to show.

**HAVE YOU A NICKLE**

Alarm Clock? If not come in and let me

show you a nice line of them at **99 Cents.**

They are cheap at \$1.50.

I have a splendid line of New Silverware

that I am going to sell you **Cheap.**

**GOOD WORK. LOW PRICES.**

**PROMPT ATTENTION.**

**Chas. H. Barber,**

**JEWELER.**





[CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.]

On Mademoiselle's return to her room the peasant-maid had a most unhappy quarter of an hour. Mademoiselle was unlovely. Some characters are like certain apples—a little tart. Mademoiselle was more than sub-acid, she was sharp and bitter, and the reason thereof was not plain to the poor little maid. All she could do was to assist her mistress into another ravishing robe, that she might go to dinner in a becoming costume.

To the people in the big dining-room Mademoiselle was the picture of sweetness and light. Two gentle young things who carried their tender moustaches after soup declared she was a brunette angel.

"Rich? I should say!"

"Dress-maker?"

"Ah, yes. Ely. With all that money feller might do very well. See?"

"Yes. Social rules forbid. Hang rules!"

"Hop to-night?"

"Nothing better to do. Know feller knows her?"

"Sister does."

"Might ask her to present me at hop. Lots fun?"

"Sister wouldn't. Girls so strange."

"Mean to get it?"

"What? Introduction to La Rochet?"

"Horrid audacious, but must have fun. If Yardsstick were here, be all right."

"Why? Does he know her?"

"Guess not. But he'd bring it round. Royal can do anything like that. Great man."

"Sister says she worked for his mother. Must know her. Oh!"

"What's matter? Burn mouth?"

"No. Idea. Recollect funny thing. Paris last winter. Met Royal with lady. Girl like that, tall, brunette—very French. Everywhere with him. Can't tell what reminds me of her."

"Can't be same?"

"Ah! Awful idea! It does look like her."

"Foolish idea. Dressmaker. Royal knows too much."

"No. Can't be. That girl was poor. Royal paid bills like little man."

"Great folly. Got over it?"

"Yes. Royal's cured. No money now. Very sad, you know."

"Hop to-night?"

"Yes. Smoke now."

The half-holiday had brought a great company to the hotel, and the little world on the sand gave itself up to outdoor pleasure. Mademoiselle would also go out and take the air by the water, for the day had become sultry. Besides, she must think. The unexpected had happened. She had hoped to find him, to confront him in the hotel, and openly to demand recognition. Months and months had passed since she had seen him, and she felt a certain melancholy pity for herself in finding in her disappointment how much she had wished to meet him publicly and to humiliate him in some striking and dramatic scene that would satisfy her sense of justice—and the picturesque. He would fall on his knees, and she would pour out her wrath—no, he wouldn't do that. He would wince, perhaps, but would hold his head erect through it all. What folly to think of what might be! She had learned much since she had reached America. She had learned more at this place. He had already strayed into some net. She must examine the net. Perhaps it might prove another weapon in her hands.

Mademoiselle's appearance on the beach did not attract special attention. She was dressed with what might be called elegant plainness. Her manners were ladylike and reserved, and while many bestowed a passing glance upon her costume, none heeded the woman. The bathers were noisy and numerous, and she passed along the rear of the throngs gathered on the beach and took the path towards the light-house without exciting comment. Lovers there were at intervals along the way, and now and then she met a party of children paddling and wading with white and shining legs in the creamy surf. Love and play are too absorbing to notice grief, particularly if it passes with serene face and robed in the latest style. She saw the lovers with a feeling of envy. She watched the children with a sigh.

She came to the big yellow boulder and sat down to look over the sea, and think. The white tower, the little house planted almost in the surf, the wide sea, the soft warm sky, and the white mountainous clouds in the west, all appealed to her to rest—to rest and think. There was only a slight ripple on the water, yet the surf slowly thundered and boomed at her feet, the dying waves of some distant storm. So it seemed that her life had become serene and fair, yet moved by slow heartbeats of far-off sorrow.

There was a shadow on the water. She looked to the west. The sun had disappeared behind one of the alpine heights of cumulus, leaving a faint glow of red on the sky beyond the irregular line of vivid silver that touched the edge of the cloud. Could it be forebodings of a storm? Was it a vague hint of more rain—more tears, perhaps lightning—in her stormy life? The surf was most irish in its

pulsations. Three closely successive waves would advance, and, booming, break, and rush up the shingly slope, and then the beach would scream as the white water ran back. Then all would be quiet for a little space. It was in one of these pauses that there came to her ear a dreary cry like a moan. The color left her handsome face, and she looked far and wide over the sea. There was nothing, and the surf roared and screamed again. Once more she heard it. It made her heart beat fast, she knew not why. She had read of the mysterious sounds of the sea, of the moan heard on the ocean before great storms. What did it mean? Why did she hear it? It was almost human in its faint sighing—fitful, half heard—yet felt, like a pain in the heart. She wrapped her light cloak about her and shivered. The sea was purple under the western clouds, blue in the east, with splendid splashes of green over the shoals. There was a faint murmur of music and laughter from the hotel. At her feet rose the chirp of a cricket. Peace everywhere, save for that moaning from the sea.

"O, if it would only speak plainly! It means so much and says so little. Ah! there is a man coming."

The approach of any human being seemed a comfort, and she sat still, looking towards the hotel to where a tall, plainly-dressed man came slowly along the path. She was at a loss to understand why her pulse had raced with such speed. Could this strange unearthly voice be a cry from the unknown bidding her pause? Was it a real voice? Did she hear it all? Was it only a cry picked out by her heart from the mass of the sonorous thunder on the beach, as a sea-shell picks out a tone from the roar of the sea? She could ask this man if he too heard the sound. As he came nearer she felt in a sense safe. His face bespoke a man of simple, unaffected life and honest heart. His blue eyes looked into hers for an instant only, and in that quick glance she felt she could trust him. With this thought there came also a regretful instant of pity for herself that she must look at any one to see if he indeed was a man.

"Good evening, miss."

He spoke pleasantly and naturally, much as a man at home might welcome a stranger. She guessed at once that he was the keeper of the light-house. She rose from the yellow stone on which she sat, and then saw that it was the stepping-stone to the stile and that she blocked the way.

"Beg pardon. I did not see I was in your path."

"All right, marm. No consequence. I'd rather hop over the fence than had a lady rise."

"I beg pardon, sir, for detaining you, but could you explain that strange sound from the sea? I do not understand why it should be."

"It's the two-fathom buoy."

"Buoy?"

"Yes. Whistling buoy. Reason, you know. Always makes that noise when there is a sea on. Warning for boats making this port."

"Ah! I comprehend. Maritime signal for vessels—to warn against wreck."

"Yes, marm. Sounds kinder dismal in pleasant weather, but it's powerful pretty music if you're steering by dead reckoning and a thick fog coming up or driving snow hiding the light."

Here was a politeness unknown in France. She saw from his unaffected manner that it was the genuine courtesy of kindness and respect, and not a pretended gallantry. For an instant the novelty of such a remark confused her, precisely as she had been confused in New York the day she landed there when a stranger rose and silently gave her a seat in a street car. At that instant the faint moan from the sea came again.

"Have many lives been saved from wreck by that sound?"

"Can't tell, marm. Mobby a great many, mobby none at all. Anyway, it may yet save some life from going to smash; and so it is kept there, because if one life is saved by hearing the thing whistling in the dark it will pay to let it whistle all the time, even if it does sound kinder forlorn to folks safe on shore."

"The sea is so sad. So many wrecks are here. Oh, pardon me; I should not detain you."

"Taint no matter. I've just been to the hotel with Mai. Nothing particular to do. Glad to show strangers over the light."

With an instinctive grasp at the fact that through this simple and transparent nature she might obtain some information of value, she smiled sweetly and said—

"I am a stranger in America."

"So I see, marm."

"I have heard much of American politeness. I am quite alone; yet, if it be possible, I shall greatly admire to see the light-house. My home is Paris, where we have not such things."

"Come right in. Guess father's round somewhere."

"Are not the ladies of your house at home?"

"No. Mai's gone to the hotel. It's no matter. Ladies often come over from the hotel alone. I've shown hun-

dreds of 'em round the place."

She had the wit to see that from a Parisian standpoint she could not possibly accept the invitation, yet in America it might be allowable. The situation would give her a wholly novel experience—that of unembarrassed and unaffected talk with a man of sense whose natural politeness was as delightful as it was sincere. She laughed to herself as if it were a kind of child-like pleasure she had not had since she had played with Mignon and Pierre in the streets of Rouen. She would give herself up for the moment to an innocent enjoyment.

More than an hour passed in inspecting the light. The old captain took her in charge and seemed pleased with her beauty and gaiety. After all had been seen, the young man escorted her to the stile, that she might take the path back to the hotel. She seemed to linger a moment, and in the delightful disregard of the value of time that seashore people often show, the young man appeared perfectly willing to wait and talk with the handsome and vivacious stranger.

"And all this is to prevent people from being lost in wrecks?"

"'Bout the size of it, marm. For all that, there's been many a wreck along this shore in my day. Why, some years ago there was a wreck right opposite the place where the hotel stands now. More'n twenty people were lost just about where those people are bathing on the beach."

"And they are laughing and playing just where men and women have died! How dreadful it all is!"

"Lor! That was nearly twenty years ago. I was only a small chap, but I remember the storm, and how father and the men all went down to the beach to help the few that were saved."

"Then some were saved? Tell me about it. Such things are so strange to me. I never saw the sea till last winter. It fascinates me. It is so beautiful—and cruel."

"Taint much to tell. The steamer struck 'bout a hundred yards from the beach. Some of her people tried to get ashore in their boats, but they were soon swamped and lost. Then the men on the beach put out a whale-boat and saved four passengers, and the stewardess and two colored girls, mites of things not more'n four years old. I remember seeing the girls, for they lost all their friends, and some of our folks took 'em in and brought 'em up, and they grew up here."

"Colored children! What are they?"

"People of color, negroes. I guess they were slaves in Savannah, where they came from. You'd never know it, though, for they were 'most white, and quite pretty girls. They went to school with the other children, and I remember we boys were quite well acquainted with them."

"Then not all that you call people of color are black?"

"No, marm. There's some is no darker than any dark-complected white folks; no darker than you be."

Mademoiselle showed a brilliant set of teeth in a merry laugh.

"No offense, marm. They grew up to quite likely girls, and were treated just like the other folks. There's some thinks they are different, but I kinder guess humans is humans."

In a sense her mission to the light had failed. Yet she had obtained some information that might prove of value in the future. The snowy cumulus in the west had begun to change color and assume a threatening aspect. She had best return to the hotel. With a few pleasant words of thanks, she walked away along the path over the sand-dunes, leaving the blond giant gazing after her.

"Well, that ain't Mai's style; and I'm glad of it. Pretty as a picture, but I don't believe that kind will wash."

Mademoiselle had barely time to reach the hotel, before the sudden darkness of the storm spread over the sea. People were hurrying towards the house from every direction, and the broad piazza was crowded with pleasure-seekers driven in like a fleet of little boats making port in stress of weather. Just at the top of the broad stairs leading to the piazza Mademoiselle met two ladies coming slowly down, as if hesitating about facing the storm.

"Mai, dear, you must stay. Wait till the storm is over. See, it will rain presently."

Mademoiselle's dress unaccountably met with some mishap just there, and she paused to adjust the difficulty.

"No, deary, father I'm miss me. Besides, you know I'm afraid of storms since I was a child; and somehow the light seems safer than the hotel."

"That's because you're such a child of the sea."

"I know it. I came from the sea, and storms always frighten me. I have my water-proof. I'll not need your umbrella. Good-by."

At that instant a vivid flash of lightning seemed to make an illuminated photograph of sea and sky, and a deafening crash shook the whole building. There was a moment's confusion among the people, and then some one cried out—

"The music-stand has been struck."

"Beg pardon, Mademoiselle, your friend has fainted."

Mademoiselle's friend seemed the only one who retained presence of mind. The young girl by her side had fainted at the terrific crash, and would have fallen had not she caught her. A moment later she was laid on a sofa in the hotel parlor. Mademoiselle, among others, offered such help as she could.

"Thank you, Mademoiselle. My friend will soon recover. It has happened before. It is a constitutional dread of lightning. She had some strange experience in a storm when an infant. You are very kind. I know what to do for her. Thank you kindly."

(To Be Continued.)

## THRONES OF ROYALTY

### COSTLY CHAIRS OCCUPIED BY FIGURE-HEADS.

The Seats of State Occupied by the Czar of All the Russias, Emperor William, Queen Victoria and Other Monarchs of the East.

SO SUCH FIGURATIVE uses has the word "throne" been put that it scarcely suggests nowadays the elaborate and expensive article of furniture to sit wherein seems destined soon to be the only important prerogative crowned royalty will possess, even in such a land as Russia. But occasionally an incident, like that one which has just given melancholy prominence to that prince royal among chairs in which mad King Ludwig of Bavaria had dreamed of a long enthroned regality, serves to remind us that the appendage still lingers.



THRONE CHAIR OF THE DEMENTED KING OF BAVARIA.

Ludwig's throne chair was to have been a World's Fair exhibit, but like every other extravagance of its departed owner, proved but an element of discord among all who had anything to do with it. As a consequence it now exists only in detached and costly fragments, like the isolated limbs of some modern statue to the golden god of vanity, deprived of a Dion to weep over them. For democracy will not play the part of Niobe when tears are to be shed over the departed state of kings. In this old age of the nineteenth century popular ignorance on the subject of thrones is appropriately dense, in spite of the fierce light poetically charged with the irreverence of beating upon them.

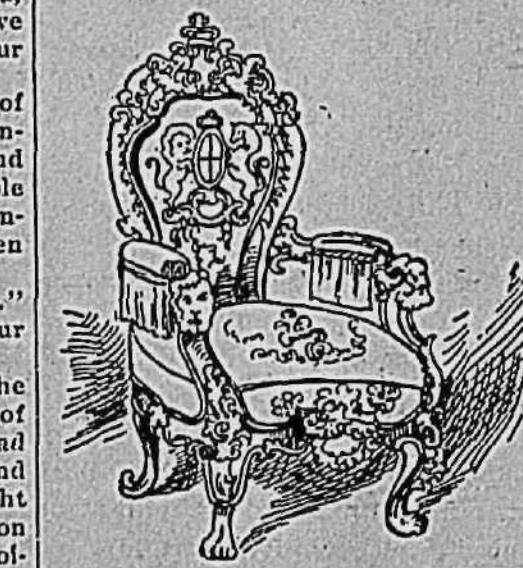
Thus Queen Victoria's subjects, to cite the leading nation among monarchies, are almost universally unaware that the royal lady is entitled to take her seat in a trinity of thrones. As queen of Great Britain she occupies the chair upon which fortunes have been spent and which, hidden beneath a cloth of gold and elevated upon a dais of four steps, lives in the history of human glory as the throne of England.

As queen of Ireland there is reserved for her in the Dublin palace of the lord lieutenant a semblance of the shamrock-wreathed seat that Emmet apostrophized on the scaffold as the couch of Erin's kings. It is now nothing more than a semblance, for Ireland's real throne has never been occupied but by Ireland's real kings. Tradition has it that the royal chair was spirited away as long ago as the time of that English Henry who, according to the rhymes that any of your acquaintance can repeat, "laid Ireland low."

Be this as it may, there exists a throne, carved of oak and gilded liberally, which bears the ensign of the harp and is tapestried in green. Over it is a wealth of canopy and cloth of gold. Whenever it is rumored that England's sovereign proposes visiting the sister kingdom this reserved seat of royalty is put in readiness for her majesty.

There is theoretically an imperial throne reserved for her majesty at the various Indian courts, but practically nothing of the sort exists.

Returning to the throne of England, that costly article may be said to have a multiple existence. For there are numerous canopied chairs scattered through the royal palaces in which the



STATE CHAIR OF THE QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN.

queen sits on state occasions, and which are all indiscriminately alluded to as thrones.

But the real throne is the imposing thing to which the chamber of the house of lords owes most of the majesty suggested by its present appearance.

It stands amid mountains of tapestry and can easily be seen, when in position, by any visitor. The chair itself is of wood, gold, ivory and silver. So roomy is it that two Queen Victorias could find place there, despite the criticism which attributes to William Dean Howells an intention of calling his forthcoming book "The British Throne," because the royalty upon it is so large and fat.

When it was represented that her majesty had complained of the hard oak and ivory seat as irksome to royal flesh, Mr. Labouchere expressed his willingness to allow the price of a feather bolster.

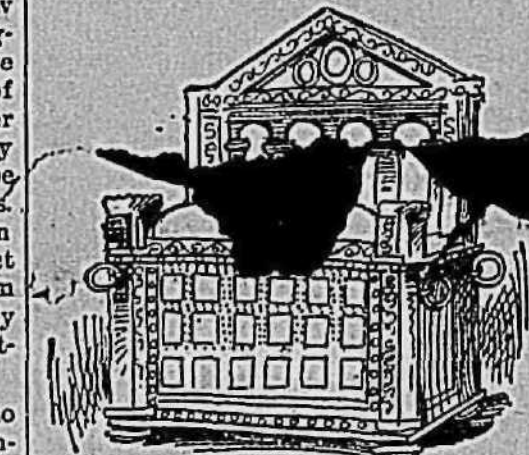
The continental monarchies have been far more liberal in providing throne chairs for their sovereigns than the English people. This is, perhaps, because only British royalty must give an account of how its subjects' money is spent.

Emperor William, upon assuming his prerogatives, gave orders for the construction of two elaborate throne chairs. One was for the emperor of Germany, the other for the king of Prussia. Hardly was the work of making them begun than the young ruler changed his mind and decided that the paternal seats would do.

The present imperial throne chair of the empire of Germany seems never to have been intrinsically appraised, but \$100,000 is hardly an exaggerated statement of what it and its present appointments have cost.

Those who have seen the czar of all the Russias sitting scepter in hand, on his great white throne, agree in pronouncing the sight one of the few impressive things connected with the nineteenth century royalty. The czar, being an absolute despot, can not be said to have an official residence for the chair of state. Wherever he sits is the throne of Russia. But in the palace of St. Petersburg there is an apartment in which his imperial majesty's advisers assemble on such occasions as it suits him to call them together officially. It is described as an immense marble hall, with an inclosure at one end, vaguely suggestive of a cathedral altar.

The thrones of other lands follow the precedents of time and royalty. In Austria Francis Joseph sits in state upon the arms of the Hapsburgs which decorate the seat of the imperial chair. In Italy there is an elaborate throne etiquette, but the object itself has not much of an air. There is another throne in Rome—that of the sovereign pontiff. Leo on his throne at pontifical high



THE PONTIFICAL THRONE. Mass makes Quirinal regality seem shabby.

### AN AMERICAN COUNTESS.

Miss Adele Grant Weds the Earl of Essex in London.

Another American addition to the British peerage was made in London recently, when Miss Adele Grant, a daughter of the late Beach Grant, was married to the Earl of Essex.

Miss Grant, whose loveliness has won her an international reputation for beauty, has spent much of her life abroad, going in the most exclusive circles of British and Continental society. Her wealth and beauty have always brought her a number of titled suitors, and at one time she was engaged to the late MISS ADELE GRANT. Lord Garmoye, afterward Earl of Cairns, but upon his name being associated with that of an English actress, the engagement was broken.

She is to be a countess, nevertheless, and, what is more, one of unusual prominence, for although her husband is an earl, there are earls and there are earls, her future earl being the seventy-third peer in England. The importance of this number will be realized when it is known that the Bradley Martin's earl is the 200th. The earldom of Essex was created in the year 1601, whereas that of Craven is quite modern, and dates only from 1801. This being the case, the future countess of Essex will take precedence over the countess of Craven. On the other hand, the former Miss Cornelia Martin is more fortunate than Miss Grant, for should the first ever have a son he will succeed to the title of earl, whereas no son that the countess of Essex may ever have will enjoy this honor, unless Algernon George De Vere, the son of the late earl of Essex by his first wife, should die. He is now a lad of 10 years.

Worth Going For. Housekeeper—Trying to get to Boston, eh?

Tramp—Yes, mum; an' if y'll give me a little to help me on my way—

"Now what do you expect to do when you get to Boston? Tell me that."

"I intend, mum, to call on Mr. Atkinson, an' git his recipe for livin' on 10 cents a week."

Some of the fish in the royal aquarium in St. Petersburg have been on exhibition for more than 150 years.

### ORIGIN OF PERFUMES.

Scented Dandies Not as Common in Society Now as of Yore.

In the early days of the world, when man, with his usual unselfishness, was prone to make a burnt offering of his brother, aromatic woods were used to counteract the unpleasant odor of burning flesh. Such, according to the New York Press, was the origin of perfumes, and their lavish use to-day is too frequently suggestive of it. The more of the primeval savage there lurks in a man the more powerful the contents of his scent bottle and the more liberal his patronage of those barbers who torture the nostrils by their generous use of bay rum and cheap cologne. Why men, or women either, should want to make walking airbags of themselves is a mystery explained only by the unpleasant fact that the same class of people have a hydrophobic dislike to water in any form. There is no aroma so exquisite as that of the clean, wholesome human body and pure breath. To disguise it by even the most delicate of Persian extracts is to cast a slight upon a gift of nature. It is encouraging to note, however, that the taste for perfumes, as for art, is constantly growing more refined and cultivated in this country, and the more delicate and subtle scents only are used for the bath and linen sachet.

The man who dips his mustache in white rose, sprinkles his handkerchief with violets or dampens his hair with the dread jockey club, is extinct in good society. Still, there is vast room for improving the choice of the general public in the matter of these wondrous compounds of the chemist's skill, which carry no possible suggestion of the fragrance of the blossoms they are named and labeled after. Who, at a popular entertainment, has not been half suffocated by the fumes of the deadly patchouli, the impossible scent of the now-mown hay, and that favorite of London flower girls, the penetrating musk? And who has not been nauseated at even some of our best theaters by a cad of some sort, whose presence permeated the atmosphere with a mixture of old rye and Frangipani? What, by the way, would be the emotions of that distinguished botanist could he know of the base use to which his name has been put?

Perhaps nothing has done more to corrupt the delicate sense of smell than the rage for pot-pourri, which sprang up a few years ago and ran amuck through the country, as did the peacock's eyes and dragon candlesticks, until the mere sight of a covered jar on the mantelpiece made one shudder. Happily the perfumes can never be photographed on the brain for the future. Any curio of the kind miniature can be made the happiest moments like the colored odor of one's favorite flower. What can compare in voluptuous sweetness with the fresh rose she gave you?

### What Causes Itchy Cheeks.

The stimulus from the skin's direct rays and that arising from the friction of the fresh air causes increased activity in the capillaries supplying the surface with blood. When this stimulus is continued for any considerable time these vessels become gorged, and minute portions of the blood force their way into the layer immediately under the epidermis, or outer skin. It is the presence of the red corpuscles of blood which gives the ruddy flesh that seen through the outer skin. At the same time the sweat glands and oil glands, whose function it is to lubricate the surface and keep it moist and cool, become exhausted by overstimulation; the outer skin gets hard and dry, and soon begins to peel off in the familiar way, taking the minute particles of extravasated blood along with it. Direct sunlight also has a darkening effect upon the actual coloring pigments of the skin, but this action is distinct from actual tanning, and manifests itself in the form of freckles. The permanent bronze or ruddiness of complexion seen in sailors and travelers in hot countries is the result of a long continued combination of the two processes.

### A Gospel Caniboot.

A caniboot now on duty on the Erie canal is named the Good News. It is covered with gospel texts. Services are held three times a day in its cabin as it journeys from one town to the next on its missionary trips. A fish pole with tracts tied on the end is used to reach passing boats, and little floats with cardboard sails covered with texts are sent away to do what good they may. The International evangelical association has control of this floating mission house.

### Paper Made of Hops.

The production of paper from the hops waste in breweries is being considered in Germany. The oil in the hops is a hindrance, which, it is claimed, is now overcome, and it is expected that paper can be made, by using hops, at a cost of fifty per cent less than heretofore.

### Art Note.

Artist, holding out photograph—Don't you want your picture taken, madam?

Mrs. Crook—No, I don't care for any. My husband had his taken three times, and he was innocent every time but once.—Texas Sitings.

### A Pious Ancestry.

Maude—His family is a good one, I believe?

Ethel—Yes, extremely good. All his ancestors were clergymen.



About the Snowdrop.  
It seems that "snowdrop" is not the oldest name by which this familiar and pretty flower was known. Once upon a time it used to be called "fair maid of February," because it bloomed about the date of the Candlemas festival, when twelve girls dressed in white were wont to walk in procession. As the rhyme put it:  
"The snowdrop in purest white array  
First rears her head on Candlemas day."  
It was held as sacred to the memory of the Virgin, for that it blossomed in honor of her first visit to the temple with the child Jesus. The "helmet flower" was another name for it, in allusion to its supposed resemblance to a helmet. In some countries of North Europe it is styled "Summer gowl," because it appears on the first sunshine of the year under the notion—poor gowl or fool—that summer has come. In certain parts of England it is considered "unlucky" to take a single snowdrop into a house at the season of its first blossoming.

The Last Straw.  
Bingo—Why so gloomy, old man?  
Witherby—I just saw my mother-in-law off on the train. She's going back home.  
Bingo—That ought not to make you feel gloomy.

## "German Syrup"

I simply state that I am Druggist and Postmaster here and am therefore in a position to judge. I have tried many Cough Syrups but for ten years past have found nothing equal to Boschee's German Syrup. I have given it to my baby for Croup with the most satisfactory results. Every mother should have it. J. H. Houns, Druggist and Postmaster, Moffat, Texas. We present facts, living facts, of to-day Boschee's German Syrup gives strength to the body. Take no substitute.

## Letters from Mothers

speak in warm terms of what Scott's Emulsion has done for their delicate, sickly children. It's use has brought thousands back to health.

## Scott's Emulsion

of cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites is employed with great success in all ailments that reduce flesh and strength. Little ones take it with relish.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

## CATARRH IN CHILDREN

For over two years my little girl's life was made miserable by a case of Catarrh. The discharge from the nose was large, constant and very offensive. Her eyes became inflamed, the lids swollen and very painful. After trying various remedies I gave her the first bottle of **SSS** and the symptoms soon abated, and in a short time she was cured.

Dr. L. B. RITCHIE, Mackey, Ind.

## "COLCHESTER" SPADING BOOT.

BEST IN MARKET. BEST IN FIT. BEST IN WEARING. The outer sole extends down to the heel, protecting the foot in all directions and in other hard work. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM and don't be put off with inferior goods. COLCHESTER RUBBER CO.

## MEND YOUR OWN HARNESS

THOMSON'S SLOTTED CLINCH RIVETS.

No tools required. Only a hammer needed to drive and clinch them easily and quickly, leaving the clinch absolutely smooth. Requiring no hole to be made in the leather nor burr for the rivets. They are STRONG, TOUGH and DURABLE. Millions now in use. All lengths, widths or assortments put up in boxes.

Ask your dealer for them, or send 40c. in stamps for a box of 100, assorted sizes.

MANUFACTURED BY JUDSON L. THOMSON MFG. CO., Waltham, Mass.

1,000,000 ACRES OF LAND for sale by the S. F. P. & A. Co. in Minnesota. Send for Maps and Circulars. They will be sent to you.

FREE. HOPEWELL CLARKE, Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE. 600 Index and GUNNELL'S MONTHLY, TOLEDO, OHIO.

Is afflicted with eye use Thompson's Eye Water.

PISO'S CURE FOR GUNNELL'S MONTHLY. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

Ants That Carry Parasites.  
The Kew Bulletin says that the government of Trinidad has passed an ordinance for the extermination of "parasol ants," so far as its power extends. The pest has become unbearable, in fact, from the nature of things, wherever this ant is found a growing civilization must wage war to the death with it.

The creatures strip trees of their leaves, which they neatly trim to the size and shape of a three-penny bit, and carry to the nest. An army of these ants at work is one of the strangest sights in tropical America. The column may be followed for a mile, three or four inches in width, a serried mass of ants, each carrying aloft, upright, as a flag, its green disk.

They will strip a large tree of which they fancy the leaves in twenty-four hours. But nature has limited their ravages in the way which Darwin and Wallace teach us to respect. Many species of trees are quite protected against them by peculiarities which we do not detect. Many others are so far protected that the ants will not attack them if they have a choice.

But the enterprising foreigner brings his useful fruits and plants from every quarter of the world and establishes them in the domain of the Acedooms. Then there is joy unmixled. With unprotected food in abundance, the ants multiply as they never could before.

So the Trinidad authorities have made a law that the warden of any district may authorize a landowner who "suffers or who is likely to suffer" from their ravages to enter any neighbor's ground and destroy the nests—if he can, be it understood. And any one obstructing such proceedings, when duly authorized by the warden becomes liable to a fine of \$10 or imprisonment for three months, with or without hard labor.

Mr. Pitt and the Barber.

At the time of the war with Napoleon Mr. Campbell, denon of the barbers of Glasgow, went to London with a denunciation to offer Mr. Pitt to raise a regiment of a thousand men for immediate service.

Pitt, thinking Mr. Campbell must be a very important man, proposed to introduce him to George III. next day to receive the honor of knighthood. Mr. Campbell said he would consent on one condition. Being asked to name it, he answered: "Veel, right honorable sir, ye see, I'm only denon (head) of the barbers of Glasgow, but if you get the king to issue an order raising the price of shaving in Glasgow to saxpence a head, I could have the less objection to accept and meet the dignity."

It is not how the name Mr. Campbell's is so much in one's mouth as it is in one's mind. W. Gates, Petersburg, Va., writes: "I used Salvation Oil for Rheumatism and obtained great relief. It is the best remedy I have ever tried, and I shall always keep it in the house."

The Mexican Cock Fight.  
A favorite amusement with United States army officers on the Rio Grande is the Mexican cock fight. Every Mexican village has its cockpit, and officers on a few hours' leave cross the river to see the fun. There are no better cockfighters in the world than the Mexicans, and as public opinion sanctions the sport the enjoyment of everybody is altogether frank.

A great cure for cough.—Mrs. A. K. Morris, 45 Canton St., Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "I took several bottles of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for a bad cough and was entirely cured."

The Sandwich Islands.  
Most people will be astounded to find on investigation that the annexation of the Sandwich Islands would not give the United States territory further west than any it now possesses. Honolulu, the capital, is some 2,000 miles west of San Francisco, but it is nearly 30 degrees east of the longitude of Atto, the westernmost of the Aleutian isles, which are included in Alaska.

In Olden Times.  
People overlooked the importance of permanent beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, but act for a time, but finally injure the system.

Orificium.  
"A pretty face," whispered the fire-eater, apropos of the new Circassian girl.  
"Not strong enough," muttered the contortionist, who was notoriously enamored of the iron-jawed woman.

Mr. H. L. Williams, of Summerland, has just issued a pamphlet concerning the advantages and disadvantages of California. It is neatly gotten up and contains just such matter as answers the many questions that people in the East are asking in regard to our climate, productions, and business opportunities. As the disadvantages are shown as well as the advantages, it aims to set forth things just as they are, and that is what people want to know.—Editorial in Santa Barbara, California, Daily Press, of Dec. 17, 1893. See advertisement of book on another page.

The world's sugar plantations produce every year 6,000,000 tons of sugar.

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat should not be neglected. Brown's Bronchial Troches are a simple remedy and give prompt relief. 25 cts. a box.

F. J. Dreer of Philadelphia is said to possess the most extensive collection of William Penn letters and autographs in existence. He also has quite a number of letters written by Gen. Washington, one at the age of 12, thirteen dated from before the revolution and one dated the day before his death.

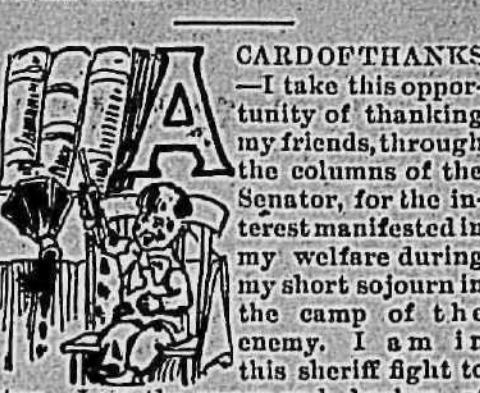
One of the African Steamship company's vessels recently steamed for sixty miles near Senegal through locusts that thickly covered the surface of the water.

The average man uses twenty-nine pounds of sugar per annum.

## OUR WIT AND HUMOR.

LATEST PRODUCTIONS OF THE FUNNY WRITERS.

The Race for the Shrovetide at Smithville Leads to a Sensational Cow-hiding—The Irishman's Gun—A Fall Dress Affair.



CARD OF THANKS  
—I take this opportunity of thanking my friends, through the columns of the Senator, for the interest manifested in my welfare during my short sojourn in the camp of the enemy. I am in this sheriff fight to stay. I am the owner and backer of this paper, and am always ready, and willing to deal out satisfaction to any and all parties who may not be satisfied with articles that appear in its columns. During my absence, Mr. Blackwell will see them, and in the absence of both, my wife will officiate. The editor of the Chronicle, an insignificant sheet that is thrust before the public eye at intervals to suit its drunken editor, has been throwing out insinuations in regard to our record. I want to say right here, that it is as clear as a mountain stream, and I shall make it a point to drop in and ventilate that gentleman as soon as he and that prominent citizen with red hair return from their pilgrimage into the interior. The cause of their absence was a regulation caliber revolver in the hands of our wife. We are a peaceable family, but the law of the land must be enforced, even though the population is decreased to some extent. We are always ready to extend a helping hand to the needy, and a restraining one to the violent and immoral.

J. R. SMITH.  
The day after the regular issue of the Senator that contained the above card, a small but compactly built female marched into the office, and pushing her straw hat back from her forehead, calmly wiped the perspiration from her nose, and flashed a pair of black eyes from Mike to myself.

"Which of you is J. R. Smith?" she softly asked.  
"Neither of us; Mr. Smith is not in at present. Is there anything we could do for you?" I asked.  
"Yes, you can hunt up Smith and tell him that a lady wishes to see him," she replied.

I discovered the handle of a mule whip protruding from under her wrap,



I'LL TEACH YOU TO CALL MY HUSBAND A DRUNKARD.

and suspected trouble. I went out and found Smith, and told him of my suspicions.

"Go and get Jerry to find out what the trouble is," the mayor said. "It would not do for the candidate for sheriff to get a cowhiding."

Jerry walked in with me, and before I could introduce him, the lady flashed out her whip and struck a vicious blow at him.

He leaped over the press like a squirrel, yelling:  
"Hold on, old gal! You are after the wrong coon. I haven't been sparkling in your family."

"No, but I am going to whip the hide off your miserable back. I don't happen to be a creak shot, like your wife, but I can swing a mule whip. I will teach you to call my husband a drunkard!" and Jerry had to dodge around the job press to avoid a slashing out of the whip.

"I tried to have the fool come down and shoot you, but he hasn't as much sand as a humming bird," she hissed, swinging her whip for a third time.

Jerry jumped behind Mike, who humped his back and received the whole force of the lash.

"Get out of the road or take the consequences!" she exclaimed.  
Mike whirled around and kicked Jerry, and in turn was picked up bodily by the marshal and hurled against the woman.

They fell together, the woman dropping the whip, and clutching his hair with both hands, began to remove it by the fist full.

With a wild yell, Mike tore himself away and shot through the door.

In the meantime Jerry had secured the whip, and taking the enraged lady by the arm, said:  
"Madame, it becomes my painful duty, as marshal of this city, to arrest you and take you to the lock-up until such time as the mayor shall have opportunity to give you a hearing."

"Ain't you Smith?" she excitedly cried, as she brushed the hair from her eyes.  
"Well, no, not exactly. Am you the wife of the editor of the Chronicle?"  
"Yes, I am; and I came down to cowhide the man that wrote that slanderous article," she savagely said.  
"Just so, Mrs. Tibbs. Now, your husband is aware that the mayor would sooner be shot than take a whipping of that kind, and in all probability he

figured that you would be killed, and then he could marry the lawyer's."

"Aha! that is the reason why the pink-hearted coward was so anxious for me to cowhide Smith. His vile admirer came with us, and they are in the woods now, waiting for me. Say, Mr. Marshal, if you will let me go, I will promise to never trouble you again, and I will quietly slip out. If things do not look serious enough to suit me, I will wake that couple up to the realities of life," she threatened.

"All right; go ahead," said Jerry.  
We stood at the back door, waiting to see what might turn up. Presently a horseman dashed out of the timber and up the Red Rock road, at the top of the horse's speed.

"She has started him for home in something of a hurry," said Jerry.  
A pair of women soon appeared, and rode leisurely toward the office.

"Say, you printer! Give my regards to Mr. Smith, and tell him to give the editor of the Chronicle another going over. I tried to catch him and bring him in, but he has the smartest horse, and got away. He has no more grit than a scared trout. It will be a cool day when he sets foot in my house again. Sorry I made any trouble inside there, but it was a mistake. Come on, Kit! It is getting late," she said to her companion.

"Won't you ladies have some refreshments?" Jerry asked. "It is a long ride to your place," he suggested, with a winning smile.

"Well, now, that is kind of you," the heroine of the whip said. "I am blessed if I have had a mouthful to-day. You see, I was so red-hot mad that I could not eat. I feel easier like since I decided to 'bounce' Josh. I gave him the choice of coming back and facing the music like a man, or leave me. He decided to throw me over, and it made me so mad that I would have dragged him down here if I could have caught him."

"I told him if I was in Mary's place, I would expose him, and bring the whole town about his cowardly ears," said the other lady; "and my threat scared him so that he sat on his horse ready for a break till she showed up. He is no more fit to run a paper than a Texas steer is for a pet," she added, as she spunged off her saddle.

"I heard that you had some new lawyers down here," said the editor's wife.

"Yes; we have a new firm. It is composed of Mr. Briggs, there, and myself," said Jerry.

"Are you a lawyer? I declare, I would never have thought it. Could you two chaps get a divorce for me from that nondescript husband of mine?" I will never call him my man again.

"Well, I should smile," answered Jerry. "Mr. Briggs, there, is the divorce lawyer, but I will make you a proposition. If you give us the case and we do not get a divorce for you we will charge you a cent, and if we win, you pay us \$100. What do you say?"

"It is a go. Now, Kit, you witness the bargain. When will you have it?" she asked.

"Court sits on Wednesday. You be on hand early, as there is but one case ahead of yours, and we will have the document ready by a o'clock Wednesday night. Please give me your whole name, and the name of your husband," said Jerry, assuming a business air.

"My name is Mary Ellen Tibbs. His is Josh Tibbs. I will be on hand, and I want it fixed up solid, for I am done with him," the editor's wife said, as they followed Jerry to the hotel for their dinner.

Smoothing His Path.  
Gus—You never had spunk enough to make a proposal in your life. Why did you tell Miss Prettle that you were engaged to two girls?

George—So she'd want to get me away from them.

Bewildered.

Farmer—You've shot my cow!  
Dooley—Be gobbs, an' I told the grocer-mon as plain as end be to give me bur-r-d shot!

Too Much of a Good Thing.  
"What because of that student lamp you had?"  
"Oh, it got to be too natural, and I gave it away!"  
"Too natural?"  
"Yes—smoked all the time."

Full Dress.

Hank Blitters (a prominent citizen of Oklahoma)—Goin' to the ball to-night, lico?

Alkali Ike—I'd like to, mighty well, Hank, but I can't. You see, it is to be strictly a full-dress affair, and I've lost one of my spurs.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

## Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The official reports show Royal Baking Powder superior to all others, yielding 160 cubic inches of leavening gas per ounce of powder, a strength greatly in excess of every other powder tested.

It is said that the Cape Cod cranberry bogs produced 150,000 barrels of the red berries this season.

Parsley is said to have come from Egypt, and mythology tells us it was used to adorn the head of Hercules.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure is sold on a guarantee. It cures Inipient Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. Price, 25c. & \$1.00.

The tomato is a native of South America, and takes its name from a Portuguese word.

Coe's Cough Balsam is the oldest and best. It will break up a Cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

Lemons were used by the Romans to keep moths from their garments, and in the time of Pliny they were considered an excellent poison. They are natives of Asia.

BEECHAM'S PILLS stimulate the pylorus in the saliva, remove depression, give appetite, and make the sick well.

Of the bodies cremated in New York state last year 50 per cent were those of Germans.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Guaranteed to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Russia raises 1,200 pounds of grain and fifty-one pounds of meat to each inhabitant.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

J. C. CHENEY, Notary Public, do hereby certify that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that can not be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1893.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The bedrooms of several British hotels are now being fitted with automatic fire fires. Visitors may enjoy a warning by placing in the meter by the side of the fireplace a number of pennies equal to the number of hours for which they wish to have the fire alight.

ST. JACOBS OIL CURES RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, SPRAINS, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, BURNS.

ELY'S CREAM BALM—Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores Taste and Smell, and Cures CATARRH.

Gives Relief at once for Cold in Head. Apply into the Nostrils. It is Quickly Absorbed. 50c. Druggists or by mail, ELY BROS., 60 Warren St., N. Y.

"Linene" Collars and Cuffs.

The "LINENE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs Worn.

They are the only goods made that a well-dressed gentleman can use in place of linen. Try them. You will like them; they look well, wear well and fit well. Reversible; both sides alike; can be worn twice as long as any other collar. When one side is soiled use the other, then throw it away and take a fresh one.

Ask the Dealers for them. Sold for 25 cents for a Box of 10 Collars, or Five Pairs of Cuffs.

A Sample Collar and a Pair of Cuffs sent by mail for six cents. Address, Giving Size and Style Wanted.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., 27 Kilby Street, Boston, Mass.

YOU HAVE A PATENT. DO YOU WANT TO SELL IT? Write me full description with VERY LOWEST PRICE.

LYDD EBERHART, 225 La Salle St., CHICAGO, ILL.

WORN NIGHT AND DAY. Holds the worst ruptured hernia in any circumstances. Perfect Adjustment. Comfortable. Improved. Illustrations. Catalogue and rules for self-measurement. Sent for 25c. in stamps. U. S. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, 14 Broadway, New York City.

SMOKE YOUR MEAT WITH KRAUSERS LIQUID EXTRACT OF SMOKE. SEND FOR CIRCULAR. E. KRAUSER & BROS., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

CALIFORNIA. Its Disadvantages as well as Advantages, Hazards and other opportunities. Climate. Moving there, by an old resident. Send 25c. to H. L. WILLIAMS, Summerland, Santa Barbara Co., Cal.

I still have a few High Grade FARM WAGONS FOR SALE CHEAP. LYDD EBERHART, 225 La Salle St., CHICAGO, ILL.

A Brace of Brave Soldiers.  
When the Birkenhead troop ship went down, with her 438 brave soldiers and sailors, many heroic deeds were done that sad morning, none but the stars beholding them.

Here are two examples of true valor: Ensign Russell of the Seventy-fourth Highlanders was picked up by one of the boats when he had all but gained the shore. Seeing a sailor in the waves, however, on the point of drowning, he lifted the man into the boat, and again took to the water, intending to swim to land. But in a moment he was seized by a shark and perished.

Cornet Bond of the Twelfth lancers, just before the vessel foundered, went below to a cabin where two children had been left, fetched them up on deck and put them in one of the boats. A few minutes later he thrust his horse into the sea and himself swam for shore. Imagine his delight when he found his noble horse waiting for him on the beach.

A substance that is expected to excel ivory—in point of cheapness only, of course—is being made out of milk, coagulated, mixed with borax and submitted to tremendous pressure that renders it absolutely solid and durable.

IT FILLS THE BILL.  
—a dose of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Sick Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels are promptly and permanently cured.

Geo. Easton, Marshall Co., W. Va.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

Dear Sir—Two years ago I was pale and emaciated, and had a constant pain in my stomach.

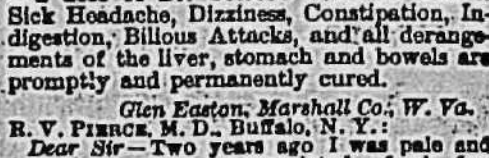
A physician pronounced my case a "Catarrh of the Stomach," but he could not help me. I lived a month without solid food and when I tried to eat I would vomit. At this time I began taking Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, and in two weeks I was decidedly better.

I am now in good health, and my appetite is perfect.

Yours truly, MARY ANGLISE.

The Plan of Selling Medicines Through Dealers, ON TRIAL, IS PECULIAR TO PIERCE.

W. N. U. CHICAGO, Vol. IX, No. 2.



MISS ANGLISE.

have a better color, eat more, and have no distress after eating, having gained thirteen pounds since I began taking them.

Yours truly, MARY ANGLISE.

The Plan of Selling Medicines Through Dealers, ON TRIAL, IS PECULIAR TO PIERCE.

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## THE ANTIOCH NEWS

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.  
ESTABLISHED SEPTEMBER 1, 1887.  
TOTALLY DESTROYED BY FIRE, MARCH 20, 1891.  
OUT ON TIME APRIL 2, 1891.

THE TREVINOES  
ALLEN LANE CLIFFER  
LAWYER ADVOCATE  
WADSWORTH BLACKBIRD

J. J. BURKE, Pub.  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
From the Press of The Antioch News.

Where the P. O. address of a subscriber has been changed and no notice of the same received at this office we will in no manner be responsible for the safe delivery of their paper until they have enabled us to make the proper corrections on our books by furnishing their change of address.

Subscribers who for any reason fail to receive their paper regularly should at once communicate the fact to this office, giving in addition to their name their P. O. address IN FULL.

### NOTICE TO OUR ADVERTISERS.

As we wish to devote our entire time to news items, up to the hour of going to press on Wednesday, hereafter all changes required to be made on that day, in standing advertisements, in display type, will be charged for at the rate of 15 cents per double column inch, for the space occupied. Reading notices, 15 cents per single column inch. All other days changes are made free of cost.  
J. J. BURKE, Publisher.  
Antioch, March 1st, 1893.

For County Treasurer,

JAMES MURRIE,  
Of Millburn.

### OUR CANDIDATE.

"Honest men may be the salvation of nations," said a philosopher in the dark days of the last year of the Buchanan administration and just before the greatly gifted yet plain Abraham Lincoln became president. Honest men in power might have averted the most terrible and greatest civil war the world has ever known.

But that war, in all its stern reality and mighty deeds of daring and endurance, has made honest men. It has awakened their manhood, quickened the senses and forced the real man to the front. If it had not been for the rebellion of 1861-65 the constitution of the United States would have been torn asunder and cast into utter oblivion.

Just now and while the country is in the throes of a mighty financial panic and while the acts of the present administration are in doubt, we have a great need of sterling, rugged and far-seeing men. Such men are not scarce in Lake county, but on the contrary we have as great a number of honest and upright men as any county in the state. But important county offices are soon to be filled and it is time that the voters of Lake county began to look into this matter.

Heretofore the News has not taken any great interest in the matter of selecting men for the several county offices. But this year we place at our mast-head the name of a man who is well and favorably known throughout the entire county. A poor man but an honest man. A man who has never asked for any reimbursement for the cordial and freely given support extended to others who he thought were honest and true and would make faithful representatives of the people. A man who in the dark days of 1862 shouldered his musket and went to the front as a member of the 96th Illinois Infantry and remained there until the close with credit to his regiment and to himself.

A life-long republican, yet always found in the front ranks fighting for what he thought was just and right, and after the smoke of battle had cleared away he was content to return to his home satisfied with the verdict he it for or against his party.

For the office of County Treasurer the News places before the intelligent and honest voters of Lake county the soldier candidate, Hon. James Murrie, of Millburn. F. WHITE CAPS, the self-styled regulators of society, are at work in various parts of the state and are, as usual, doing more harm than good.

GOVERNOR MCKINLEY took the oath of office for his second term as governor of Ohio last Monday.

THE state prison at Joliet must be pretty well emptied of its criminals as Governor Altgeld has not made any pardons for some time.

DAN COUGHIN will soon begin to think that his chances to escape the gallows would have been much better had he asked Governor Altgeld for a pardon than to the course he has pursued.

THE administration is still in a muddle. A few more vacations might do some of the leaders some good. Government business will be attended to as well when they are away as when they are in Washington.

THE Coughlin trial, for the murder of Dr. Cronin is dragging along through the criminal court of Chicago and affording sensational gossip for the thousands who are reading the evidence in this celebrated case.

THE Gray's Lake Enterprise enters upon its ninth year with the issue of last week. Brother Parker has the support of the people wherever his paper has circulated and we hope that his prosperity may increase with years.

ALL insurance companies are anxious to insure anything and everything insurable, but when accidents occur their first thought is, not to pay the policies but to commence search for some way in which to get clear from paying the losses.

AMONG the appointments made by Mayor Hopkins, to fill positions under the municipal government of Chicago, are: W. K. Ackerman, to succeed O. D. Wetherall as comptroller and Harry Rubens, corporation counsel, to succeed Adolph Krans.

THE Lake County Patriot with the issue of this week enters upon Vol. XLIX(?). The Patriot has been one of our leading papers for several years and will doubtless continue to march in the front rank of the army of country newspapers for many years to come.

It now looks as though E. B. McClannahan, the newly appointed postmaster of Waukegan, would fail in having his appointment confirmed by the senate. Bro'er Bradbury and all the other expectant postmasters begin to wear a hopeful smile.

THE Democrats of the house have finally fallen into line to favor the Wilson bill. With a few minor changes it will pass to the Senate, where it will doubtless get a general overhauling and go back to the House in such a form that Mr. Wilson will scarcely recognize it.

ANOTHER argument to uphold Hoke Smith and his policy in dealing with the old soldiers is that he only cut about 12,000 names off the pension rolls and all but about 700 of these were replaced. If this don't show that they were taken off without cause what would? We are glad that he saw the error of his ways.

THE revolution in Brazil is still in progress but reports show that the republican form of government is a short lived affair. Doubtless Dom Pedro's daughter will be placed on the throne. The new empress will not be able to take the place filled by her father, who was Brazil's best ruler. Another revolution will be looked for from all parts of the civilized world if she is placed on the throne.

ATTORNEY GENERAL W. B. LAMAR, as well as Governor Mitchell, is of the opinion that the Mitchell-Corbett mill will have to be "pulled off" in some other part of the globe, as the authorities in Florida will do all in their power to prevent it taking place in that state. The matter now rests with the Doral Athletic Club of Jacksonville. Their time is short but they may yet find a place to hold the contest.

THOUGH many working men, both men with trades and common laborers are idle, the city cannot get men to labor on the streets for less than \$1.50 per day. There is plenty of money in the treasury to complete a large part of the work that is now under headway, at the rate of \$1.00 per day. The men claim that if wages get down to \$1.00 it will be a hard matter to raise them back to \$1.50. Will it be a hard matter to starve to death if a man's floor bin gets empty?

THE New York Sun, the oldest Democratic paper in New York, has this to say about the Wilson tariff bill: "There is one question which the Democrats will find very annoying next year and the year after if they abide by Prof. Wilson's second hand protection bill. It is this, or something like this: If you were not men enough to make the kind of tariff you said you would, why did you not let the McKinley tariff alone instead of stirring up doubt, depressing business, unsettling values, raising hob with manufacturers, lowering wages, shutting up shops and aggravating the slump generally by an unprincipled paring of the tariff?"

NOW since the closing days of the Buchanan administration has the speaker of the house of representatives issued bench warrants for the arrest of members of congress. Last Saturday Speaker Crisp issued thirty-nine warrants and placed them in the hands of the assistant sergeant-at-arms who was instructed to serve them. Every member for whom a warrant had been issued was found in Washington, but it took a warrant to compel them to attend to the business that they had sworn to do. This, too, when the house had been unable to do any business for some time and in an hour when the whole country is looking to the present party in power for relief from the present crisis.

Hoke Smith, whose only claim for recognition for a cabinet position is his similarity to Cleveland around the place where his trousers and suspenders meet, has again commenced his deception in the pension bureau. It will be remembered that Senators Vorhees, of Indiana, Vest, of Missouri, Gray, of Delaware, and Hill, of New York, took up the cudgel for the old soldiers and Hoke Smith was compelled to cease. He then sent out the statement that "Although 12,000 names had been stricken from the rolls all but 700 had been reinstated." We do not and cannot believe that the appreciation of the service of the old soldiers by this republic will long permit a man like Hoke Smith to preside over pension interests. We believe that it is an accident that such a man obtained his position and we need only give the people time to relegate him to the obscurity and forgetfulness he deserves.

## Waukegan Department.

IDA M. FENKELL, Manager,  
317 GRAND AVENUE,  
WAUKEGAN, - ILLINOIS.

Miss Fennell is authorized to receive Subscriptions, orders for advertising, or Job Printing, also to collect and receipt for same, until otherwise notified. J. J. BURKE, Pub.

### COUNTY SEAT NEWS.

Attorney Hillis, of Chicago, was here Friday.

Mrs. S. E. Hardiman, of Elgin, is visiting Mrs. C. B. George.

\$50,000 worth of Waukegan property was destroyed by fire in 1893.

Rev. C. E. Hartley, of Gurnee, spoke at the Y. M. C. A. rooms Sunday.

Charles Whitney is building a house in Whitney & Hunter's subdivision.

A five and ten cent store has located in the Haubauer building on Washington street.

In door base ball games are very popular in this city. It is played at the Y. M. C. A. rooms.

P. and M. Peterson were brought here from Lake Forest and placed in jail for stealing oats.

It is thought that the street railway ordinances will be passed at the next council meeting.

It is reported that men have already been engaged to greatly improve the rifle range six miles north of this city.

Miss Mary Alvord, who spent her vacation with Waukegan friends returned to her school in Ravenswood Thursday.

Waukegan G. A. R. men and others were saddened by the death of Col. William A. James at Highland Park, December 31st.

There is some discussion as to whether an adequate water system can be put in for \$50,000. The committee think it can be.

Bond Brothers, of Indiana, have rented a room over Dietmeyer's blacksmith shop for the manufacture of cigars to be sold at wholesale.

The Waukegan Electric Scale Co. have sent ten of their penny-in-the-slot machines to the California Mid-winter Fair. They expect to send several more.

Mr. McClannahan's appointment as postmaster has not yet been confirmed but the senate has convened after its holiday recess and it is likely to be attended to soon.

Mrs. R. Woodard got the key which unlocked the Enterprise box containing twenty dollars in gold. A key was given with every fifty cent purchase previous to the holidays.

George P. Shatswell has removed his pension agency and Justice of the Peace office to the office recently vacated by D. M. Erskine, over Hall's shoe store, where he has a fine large office.

Mrs. Stephen Drew died at her home Wednesday morning after a long illness, at the age of sixty-seven years. She was one of the oldest settlers in the county. Her husband and six children survive her. The funeral was held Friday morning.

George H. Meakins died in this city Thursday night. He came here from Lake View several years ago. He owned and conducted a billiard hall on Washington street. He belonged to the G. A. R. Post. The funeral was held Sunday afternoon from the Episcopal church.

Ezra Joslyn lies very ill at his home in this city. He is an old resident and is 82 years of age. He is well known throughout the county, having been in the dry goods and grocery business for many years. He was able to assist in a grocery store until a year ago, which at his age was remarkable.

Three thieves were arrested Thursday. A house on Spring street, near the depot, where they had lived, was found to contain tools, dry goods &c. Some of the goods stolen from the Grand a short time ago were found there. Marshal Webb had been suspicious of people in

that locality for some time, so detailed officers Sammon and Berry to watch. Thursday they saw a man coming from the Electric Scale works with a coat. He was ordered to halt but did not and Officer Sammon shot, when the man dropped the coat and escaped. Later Officer Tyrrell arrested him on Market street and found he was shot in the leg. The men are Polanders.

The officers of the Waukegan G. A. R. for 1894 were installed Thursday evening. After the installation there were short speeches and a social hour. The Sons of Veterans and the Women's Relief Corps were present. The latter provided refreshments. The officers are efficient and the prospects are for a pleasant year.

Peter Hasbrook had a hearing before Justice Henth Saturday afternoon on the charge of stealing a harness from R. J. Douglas some time ago. The harness was identified. It was found under Hasbrook's bed in Milwaukee. He was bound over to the grand jury in bonds of \$1,200. Hasbrook was acquitted on a charge of horse stealing at the last term of circuit court. He has since been in jail on another indictment.

The American Building Loan and Investment Society in which many Waukegan people have stock, has gone into the hands of a receiver. The bill states that its failure is due to threats of proceedings made against it by law officers of Illinois, which destroyed its credit and caused share holders to withdraw stock. Liabilities are \$800,000 and assets \$700,000. It is claimed that \$10,000 worth of stock was taken in this city and those who are supposed to know say it is all likely to be paid in time. There was no local board but E. J. Heydecker was agent for collections.

### A PSALM OF LIFE.

BY CHARLES R. KAMES.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream!  
For the Democrite blunders  
Make the poor old eagle scream.  
Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Empty shop and smokeless furnace  
Will not get our winter's coal,  
Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
Without funds and cannot borrow,  
Good old Democratic sway.  
Art is long and time is fleeting,  
And our hearts though stout and brave  
Are like Hoopkins' boys "repeating,"  
Johnnie Patrick's scalp to save.  
In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of life,  
Be no longer Grover's cattle,  
No longer let despair be rife.  
Trust no future howe'er pleasant!  
Let the dead past bury its dead!  
Cleveland's party holds the present,  
Almost makes us sick abed.  
Lives of great men all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us,  
Footprints on old Grover's spine.  
Footprints that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A betrayed, bamboozled brother,  
Seeing shall take heart again.  
Let us then be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate,  
Protection's pledge again renewing,  
Bite no more on free-trade bait.  
—Inter-Ocean.

THE Inter-Ocean for 1894. Perhaps never in the history of modern journalism has any newspaper gained so rapidly in public favor as the Chicago Inter-Ocean. Within the past two years it has, by adopting progressive methods and injecting push and enterprise in all its departments, forced itself into the very front rank of great Chicago newspapers. That this popularity is deserved is beyond question. The publisher during this time, Mr. H. H. Kohlhaas, has spared neither expense nor effort to attain his ideal—and he has succeeded.

Uncompromisingly Republican on all National issues. The Inter Ocean does battle for what it believes to be the true faith in a manner that at once commands the attention of the public and the respect of all. It can be recommended to those who desire a clean, reliable, enterprising metropolitan family newspaper.

It is a Village. NELLIE F. Chicago.—Wishes to inquire of the News if Antioch is a village. Webster defines a village as a small assemblage of houses in the country, and as Webster is standard authority in this office we answer in the affirmative.

Fort Sheridan may capture the Government building at Jackson Park.

General Nelson A. Miles is anxious to secure the Government Building at Jackson Park with the intention of having it removed to Fort Sheridan for use as drill-room, riding school and gymnasium. If the expense of removal is not too great it is possible that this plan may be carried out.

1875.

EIGHTEEN YEARS—  
YOU HAVE KNOWN

1893.

THE OLD BANKING FIRM OF

## DAN HEAD & COMPANY,

Kenosha,

Wisconsin.

It is with pride and pleasure that we are still

### IN THE BANKING BUSINESS

Willing to forgive and forget the money that "you" took out of this that and the other Bank. Bring it in and deposit it in

### DAN HEAD & COMPANY'S BANK,

and if we can see our way clear we may see proper to date your certificates back on all money withdrawn from this Bank.

We are paying 3 per cent per annum on all money remaining 6 months. 4 per cent per annum on money remaining 2 years. Interest however is paid every six months.

Good Real-estate Mortgages netting 6 per cent per annum For sale at all times in sums to suit all persons.

We have for sale good City 5 per cent Bonds. Good MPg 6 per cent Bonds.

Now unload that old Stocking, remove all that money you have under that Carpet, and either send or bring in this money that you withdrew from the Banks, and deposit it in D. H. & Co.'s Bank. In doing this we can loan to the Manufacturing Firms and this will allow them to start up and give work to thousands. In keeping this money in your homes you are bidding for Robbery and Murder. You can't tell what night you will be called upon to give up your money, and maybe your life. Thousands and thousands of good, honest men and women are Starving and you are to blame.

### DELAY NOT

But open a Bank acct. with

Dan Head & Co.

## A. P. AMES,

—DEALER IN—

### HARDWARE, TIN WARE,

BARB WIRE AND BUILDERS SUPPLIES,  
Paints, Oils, Brushes, Calcimine, etc. New Process Gasoline stoves,

### FARM MACHINERY, PLOWS, BUGGIES, CARTS,

WIND MILLS, HARNESS, PUMPS ETC.,

Milk Cans Our Specialty

ANTIOCH,

ILL.

ANY THING NOT IN STOCK PROMPTLY ORDERED.  
No trouble to show goods, I am here to sell and all I ask is an opportunity to show my machinery and make prices. Call and see me.

Ber-Han  
Wagon and Carriage Repairing  
Tank and Boat Building.  
I am prepared to attend to all work in the above line at reasonable prices.  
Lake Villa, Ill.

RIPANS  
TABULES  
REGULATE THE  
STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS  
AND PURIFY THE BLOOD.  
RIPANS TABULES are the best Medicine known for Indigestion, Bilelessness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Chronic Liver Troubles, Diarrhea, Bad Complexion, Dysentery, Offensive Breath, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Ripans Tabules contain nothing injurious to the most delicate constitution. Are pleasant to take, safe, effective, and give immediate relief. Price—Box (6 vials), 75 cents; Package (12 vials), \$2.00. May be ordered through druggists, or by mail. Sample free by mail. Address THE RIPANS CHEMICAL CO., 10 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

OLD ELK  
BOURBON &  
PURE RYE  
Shipped pure and unadulterated direct from the distillery. Pronounced a pure and wholesome tonic-stimulant by the medical fraternity everywhere. Gives life, strength and happiness to the weak, sick, aged and infirm.

If you cannot procure it of your druggist or liquor dealer, upon receipt of \$1.00 we will express prepaid to any address a full quart sample bottle of Old Elk Rye or Bourbon.

STOLL, VANMATT & CO., DISTILLERS,  
Lexington, Ky.

J. H. S. LEE,  
SURVEYOR,  
AND CIVIL ENGINEER.  
OFFICE IN NEW BANK BUILDING,  
Box 811. Waukegan, Ills.

STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE  
Is 30 inches high, pickets 3 1/2 and cables 5/8 inch apart. Best yard and lawn fence made. Sold by the hardware trade. Write for circulars.  
DEKALB FENCE CO., - DEKALB, ILL.  
—FOR SALE BY—

A. P. Ames, Antioch, Ill.



—FOR SALE BY—  
Rowling & Edwards,  
DEALERS IN  
GENERAL  
MERCHANDISE,  
Lake Villa, Ills.

Schad & Thorn,  
Dealers in  
STOVES, SHEET IRON,  
Tin & Copper Ware,  
Pumps, Pipes, & Fittings.  
We make a Specialty of  
MILK CANS.

We are at all times prepared to furnish anything in the line of tinware, including Eave-troughs and Gutters.  
The Shop is in charge of H. B. Schad, who is a practical tinner, and prepared to do GENERAL REPAIR WORK PROMPTLY AND AT LOWEST RATES.  
Call in and inspect our stock, and, when you need anything in our line, remember we are here to sell and will not be undersold.  
SHOP WEST OF DEWOT,  
Lake Villa, - Illinois.

ADULTERATED WINE  
is injurious, but nothing gives strength, and tones up the stomach like a pure old port wine. "Royal Ruby Port," so called for its royal taste and ruby color, is on account of its purity, age and strength, particularly adapted for invalids, convalescents and the aged. Sold only in bottles (never in bulk) while cheap wine is sold by the gallon and gives a larger profit to the seller but less to the user. This wine is absolutely pure, and has the age without which no wine is fit to use. Be sure you get "Royal Ruby"; quart bottles \$1, pints 60 cts. Sold by Druggists everywhere.



## ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

### Died.

Michael White, one of the oldest settlers in Lake county, died on Tuesday, December 20, 1893, aged fifty years. Mr. White has been a resident of Grant township since 1840 and was one of the best known and most highly respected citizens in the county. During his lifetime he had been elected to several township offices, the duties of which were discharged by him ably and faithfully.

Mr. White was born in the state of Vermont in 1843 and came to Illinois with his parents in 1840, who settled on the present homestead where the family has ever since resided. About a month ago Mr. White went to Chicago to consult physicians there but was unable to obtain any permanent relief. His remains were laid at rest in the Catholic cemetery at Waukegan, on Saturday, December 30, 1893. The services were held in the Catholic cemetery at Waukegan, and a large funeral concourse of relatives and friends followed the deceased to his final resting place.

Mr. White was a true friend and kind husband and father and universally liked for his qualities as a man and a neighbor. He leaves a wife, two sons and two daughters, one brother, two sisters and an aged mother to mourn his untimely end.

### Midway Types.

The Detroit Free Press is this year fairly outdoing itself. Not content with permanently enlarging its famous weekly edition to twelve pages, it proposes to give to every yearly subscriber a beautiful souvenir of the world's fair, called "The Detroit Free Press Portfolio of Midway Types." This artistic production comprises twenty photographic plates, 8x11 inches, representing the strange people that were seen on the Midway Pleasure. The faces and fantastic dress will be easily recognized by those who visited the fair; others will find in them an interesting study. You can obtain the portfolio and one of the best of literary weeklies one year for \$1.00. The address is Detroit, Michigan.

## NEIGHBORING NOTES.

Features of Passing Events Prepared by Our Correspondents.

### To Our Correspondents.

As we go to press Wednesday noon of each week, it is necessary that all communications should reach this office not later than Tuesday evening.

Yours Respectfully,

J. J. BURKE.

### Lake Villa.

School work, which had been dropped for the holidays, was resumed Monday.

The Ladies' Aid Society met with Mrs. F. L. Bontwell Wednesday afternoon January 10th.

W. T. Kerr was in Waukegan Monday. He has the collector's books and is ready to begin work.

The ladies of the Sand Lake Cemetery Association will meet with Mrs. Lewis Miller, Thursday January 18 1894.

Editor Burke, of Antioch, was in town Saturday soliciting orders for job printing. He has some very neat samples and his prices are always reasonable.

Services Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Epworth League meeting at 6:45 p. m. Subject, "Moses Called of God." Ethel M. Hughes, leader.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Bain were the victims of a surprise Monday evening. At 7:30 p. m. about thirty-five of their friends came in on them taking the house by storm and held possession of it until a late hour.

### TOO LATE FOR LAST WEEK.

J. H. Hughes made a business trip to Chicago Tuesday.

Mrs. C. Harbaugh and Mrs. F. L. Bontwell were in the city Wednesday.

About twenty friends of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas White surprised them New Year's night.

George I. Strang is moving his home to the lot on the corner of Cedar Avenue and Fox Lake Boulevard.

The M. W. A. of Lake Villa will give a public oyster supper at the residence of Mr. L. C. Manzer, Wednesday evening, January 17, 1894. Everyone is invited. Supper 35 cents.

### FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.

Mr. Welch, who went to Chicago Saturday, returned Sunday.

Will Strang is giving skating lessons twice a week on Cedar Lake.

Dave Miller, with Swift & Company, is at work at their icehouse here.

Lake Villa has a skating club and are ready at all times to meet competitors.

Tom Corkell met with an accident at the icehouse last week and has a bad nose in consequence.

C. W. Berry attended the Wisconsin Central Railway Conductor's Ball at Waukegan Thursday last.

Eugene Strang still clings to his old habit. He can be seen any day behind the counter chewing crackers and cheese with his old time zeal.

Esch Brothers & Rabe began cutting ice at Loon Lake Monday with a force of 125 men. If the weather remains favorable they will finish work in about ten days.

We had a saving bee at Smith Bain's last Saturday. A good many worked as if they were tired. Will Kerr says it was on account of the sudden change in the weather.

C. R. Thorn can be seen at the depot occasionally trying to secure passengers for his Fox Lake carriage line. He was only able to secure one lady passenger for Fox Lake Sunday evening.

A very pleasant surprise party at Smith Bains Monday evening. He had retired for the night, and it took no little time to arouse him and make him realize what was in the wind. Everybody enjoyed the evening.

Mr. Coon of Antioch bought a float at so much. The float was all as shown. The float was delivered after dark, and the next morning when he went out to the yard to look at his purchase he found a good many of the sheep inferior to what he bought.

### Gray's Lake.

School opened Monday.

Come to the musical convention.

Miss Maude Seesholtz, of Chicago, is visiting here.

Rev. Millard of Chicago, preached at the Gray's Lake church Sunday.

Miss Carrie Chard is at home for a few days. All are glad to see her.

Frank Clark has been quite sick with typhoid fever. He is improving slowly.

M. Quinlan and A. M. Reed are about to embark in business in Chicago.

W. W. Wood, of Oak Park, visited at J. H. Washburn's over Sunday.

W. B. Higley has been enjoying a short vacation from his duties as Wisconsin Central agent at this place.

A number of our young people attended the cinch party at Wm. Thomson's at Fort Hill, Tuesday evening, January 9th.

Lost: Ladie's gold hunting case with chain attached, and topaz charm. Finder will be liberally rewarded by leaving watch at the post office.

Laura and Lola Burge attended the wedding of Mr. John Dryer and Miss Annie Ingrish at the Fremont Center Catholic church Tuesday morning.

There is to be a musical convention here under the management of Sumner Spafford, of Antioch. A large class is expected. Board and lodging will be furnished pupils from other towns free of charge.

### TREVOR, WIS.

George Booth made a flying trip to Chicago this week.

A large number of sheep are being shipped to the Chicago market.

The Wisconsin Central Railway Co. is building extensive sheep sheds at this place.

Dr. McClellan, of Chicago, is doing considerable work in dentistry in this vicinity.

Trevor is talking about incorporating. The population is enormous, over forty thousand—sheep.

Hansen & Barhyte have been doing some advertising in this state in the interest of the Peerless patent fence.

A sociable will be given in the Congregational church at Liberty Corners one week from Friday evening next, the proceeds to go toward necessary repairs on the church building. An interesting program, together with suitable refreshments will be provided. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

### CAMP LAKE, WIS.

The ice men are looking hopeful.

Miss Stella Jordan is home for a short time.

Mrs. VanAntwerp spent Monday in Chicago.

The Misses Enzenbacher are visiting friends here.

The teachers have all resumed their duties once more.

Miss Florence Harden spent Friday with Miss Hetta Yaw.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Pribnow have moved to their old parental home.

### THE DOWNFALL OF PROSPERITY.

She now Lies in the Dust.—How She Was Displaced from Her Exalted Position.—It Was the Work of a Dissatisfied People.

Prosperity sat demurely on her throne, amid the music of the millions of contented and happy people. The hum of the busy wheels, the clang of the many hammers, the whistle of the locomotives as they moved to and fro transporting the fruits of industry from place to place. All these various sounds blended into a melody, the strains of which were carried to the ears of Prosperity and she was gratified to listen to them from morn till eventide, and as the quieter hours of the night wrapped the earth in darkness the echo of the harmonious strains made slumber peaceful and dreamless. One day was but a repetition of the previous day, and night brought the same peace and quiet to the home of Prosperity.

But soon indications of a change became apparent. Industries' harmonious strains did now and then come in discord, which marred the heretofore unbroken peace of Prosperity on her throne. She looked down from her seat on high at the world below. No cause could she see why those clashing sounds should come to her ears. Everything seemed as usual. Calamity cries as usual were shouting their words of warning to the people and the people were not more attentive than ordinarily. In fact they seemed to have no time to listen to the harangues of these would-be benefactors of their fellowmen. Prosperity was troubled. Still those harsh, unmelodious sounds reached her ears. She watched with anxious eye for some sign by which she could ascertain the cause. Men were becoming restless. They began to listen to the words of the oft disappointed, defeated leaders, who were shouting "The laws are for the rich!" "The poor man is unthought of!" "Give us a chance!" "Put the rascals out!" These cries soon were received with cheers. It was on the eve of an election. Men rushed to the polls. Prosperity sat watching for the result. When it was announced she shuddered, for the realization dawned to her mind that her own reign of peace would cease for an indefinite period, yet bravely did she bear up under her unpleasant anticipations. The harsh blast of trumpets of the party just placed in power which she had heard in years gone, and which had always caused her throne to tremble, told that the triumphal march to power had begun. With but one glance at the oncoming hosts she turned her face toward the outgoing party and traces every figure of the departing numbers, till the last faint shadow

fades away in the distance. Then she gives away to her feelings and weeps.

As the wheel of time rolls on, Prosperity feels her throne to be insecure. No longer do the sweet sounds of the millions of toilers at their work and the busy hum of machinery reach her ears. The sounds coming from a hungry and unemployed people grate harshly on her ears. She looks toward the earth. All is in a turmoil. Men with nothing to do, with nothing to eat, with prospects as dark as the mines and mills in which they were once employed, and with their children clamoring for bread.

While musing over the picture before her rough hands seize her and push her unceremoniously from the throne and "Hard Times" seats himself complacently and, with a grim smile of satisfaction views the dark scene below. Such scenes touch not his heart. His time for vengeance is at hand. He has been a wanderer too long he thinks and will now make himself felt.

We hope his reign will soon be over but as yet we see no signs. All appeals seem unavailing. Everything is wrapped in the gloom of uncertainty. Nothing seems sure. When the day does come to put "Hard Times" one side it will be done with an earnestness of manner which will bring the blush of shame and humiliation even to his hard countenance.

### RIOT IN THE OTTUMWA JAIL.

Prisoners Dissatisfied with Their Supper Create a Lively Scene.

OTTUMWA, Iowa, Jan. 8.—A riot occurred at the county jail last evening. Thirty prisoners got angry because they were refused more supper. They broke up all the furniture in the jail, tore off the cell doors, threw them into the corridor, and pelted the family of the turnkey with coal, which they hurled through the "chuckhole." A platoon of police was called and quelled the disturbance. The ringleaders were locked in close cells.

### GAMBLING MUST BE STOPPED.

Mayor Hutchins, of Rockford, Proceeds to Clean Out the City.

ROCKFORD, Ill., Jan. 7.—Mayor Hutchins has inaugurated war on the gambling and disreputable houses and proposes to rid the city of them as far as possible. At an early hour this morning the police pulled two gambling dens and caught seventeen young men, a number of whom are believed to be prominent in social circles, and rushed them off to a justice court, where each was fined \$15 and costs. Reporters were excluded and the justice and police refuse to make public the names of the parties implicated, fictitious names being given in court.

### SUBSTITUTES FOR MEAT.

As Prepared by Intelligent But Economical Foreigners.

Abroad, in France, and Italy, and Switzerland, at the pensions where meat is a luxury and the practice of intelligent economy, a fine art, great mounds of macaroni, stewed with tomatoes, are served as a separate course, delicious and satisfying. We Americans rarely dream of eating things in such fashion as they are cooked and served in those countries, but as the New York Press says, "as much the worse for us." Certainly there is no occasion for the overabundant use of meat, especially in hot weather.

As a matter of fact, it is much easier for a cook to serve a steak or some chops, than to prepare a substitute, but nevertheless many can be prepared of simple, small-cost materials.

To make "illusion chops" you need two or three cupsful of mashed potatoes, quite free from lumps, moistened with a little hot milk and well seasoned with butter, pepper, and salt. You will need also two small round onions, those called buttons; mince these very fine and fry brown in a spoonful of butter. You will also mince fine six small carrots, boiled until tender, and four small "boiled" turnips, and if you have some fine, firm white cabbage or some bits of cold boiled cauliflower add them; season with a little finely cut parsley, a tiny pinch of grated nutmeg, salt, and a red pepper corn, or a bit of the long scarlet pod.

Now mix all well with the mashed potatoes; mold with the hands into dainty chop shapes, dip into beaten egg and then in sifted cracker dust, and fry in very hot butter. Drippings will answer, but there must be enough of it to immerse the cutlets just as you do oysters or Saratoga chips, and it must be boiling when the chops go into it.

Let them fry a fine brown. You have had chop bones scraped clean in a hot oven meantime, and now stick one daintily in each chop. Lay them on coarse brown paper in the mouth of the oven, in order that every particle of grease may be absorbed. Then serve immediately on a very hot dish; garnish them with crisped parsley. In reality these chops both look and taste very much like the breaded cutlets on often orders but seldom gets perfectly prepared.

## PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

### Miscellaneous Wants.

Advertisements under this head, 5 cents per line each insertion. Ordinarily, 7 words make a line.

TO RENT—A building in a good locality, suitable for a store and a meat market with suite of living rooms attached. Enquire at this office.

LOST: On Monday evening, Jan. 1st, somewhere in the village of Antioch, a black fur glove with knif front. Finder please leave with Walter Taylor.

### WOOD.

I have a quantity of first-class second growth wood for sale. Enquire of S. D. WAXNER, Antioch, Ill. 16tf

### For Sale, Lake Front.

Suitable for a summer resort hotel or a colony of lake families. The finest in Lake County. Heavily timbered, fine bank, gravel lake bottom and shore, 2 miles from Antioch depot, on long time and very low price. Enquire at News office.

### House and Lot For Sale.

FOR SALE: A nine room house, built about four years, with good cellar, cistern and out buildings, in a good location in Antioch village. J. J. BURKE, Real-estate and Loans, Antioch, Ills.

### Lake Property for Sale.

FOR SALE: A choice tract of two acres, heavily timbered. Within two miles of depot. Over 300 feet of fine lake front, good shore, suitable for hotel or club house. Price reasonable. Address THE NEWS, Antioch, Ills.

### Stamping done on Short Notice.

Leave your orders for stamping with Jennie Thorne, at C. Foltz & Co.'s store. She has a complete outfit and all the latest designs.

### Farm For Sale.

FOR SALE: A Farm of 40 acres in the town of Salem, between Antioch and Wilmet. \$225 will buy it. A bargain for some one. For particulars call on or address, J. J. BURKE, Real-estate and Loans, Antioch, Ills.

### For Sale.

A fine location on Fox River for summer residence. 30 acres for sale low on easy terms; 5 miles from a depot. Enquire at News office.

### For Sale.

Real estate mortgages running for a term of years. No expense to purchaser for assignments. J. J. BURKE, Real-estate and Loans.

### Farm For Sale.

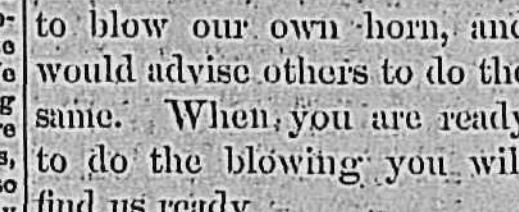
FOR SALE: A good improved farm of 100 acres. Good water and good buildings. Easy terms. Address C. F. LING, Bigelow, Minnesota. 3w



WE ARE ALWAYS READY TO DO THE PRINTING IN FIRST-CLASS STYLE AND FAIR PRICES.

### Chas. P. Westerfield, Ex Co. SURVEYOR AND CIVIL ENGINEER.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, 418 North West Street, WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS. CAREFUL WORK GUARANTEED.



### Horses, Cattle, Sheep & Hogs.

Excelling any remedy for the rapid cure of Hard Coughs, Croup, Hoarse, Yellow Water, Fever, Diarrhea, Sore and Weak Eyes, Lung Fever, Costiveness, Blisters, and all difficulties arising from Impurities of the Blood. Will relieve Heaves at once. Manufactured by the JOPPA MANUFACTURING CO., LYONS, N. Y. Sole Cure for Hog Cholera, FULLER & FULLER, General Western Agents, Chicago, Ill.

## Ask your Dealer for A. B. STOVE POLISH.



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. The Oldest and Best Liquid Polish.

### AYLING BROS.,

Sole Mfrs and Patentees, 828 Milwaukee Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

## Village Lots For Sale,

Long Time, Monthly Payments. R. JOHANNOTT, ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.

## Special Service, Mid-Winter Fair.

Commencing October 23d, the Great Rock Island Route inaugurated a Daily Through Tourist Car Line between Chicago and Los Angeles, via the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific to Kansas City and Ft. Worth, and thence by the Texas Pacific to El Paso and Southern Pacific to Los Angeles.

### BETTER YET.

Arrangement has been concluded to run this car on to San Francisco by this southern route, which is an excellent one in winter season. Remember this car leaves Chicago daily at 6 P. M. by the Great Rock Island Route.

The above mentioned Tourist Line is in addition to the double weekly service from Chicago, Tuesdays and Thursdays via Rock Island Route, Denver & Rio Grande and Southern Pacific through Pueblo, Salt Lake, Ogden and San Francisco to Los Angeles.

Low rates and excellent service, coupled with the fast time made by passengers on these Tourist Cars, make them as they deserve, very popular.

Any Coupon Ticket agent can give facts as to rates, and remember second class tickets are accepted on these cars.

Address for full particulars, JNO. SEBASTIAN G. T. A. C. R. I. & P. Ry., Chicago, Ill.

### Omela.

It is our earnest desire to impress upon the minds of the public the superiority of the service offered by the Wisconsin Central Lines to Milwaukee, Chicago and all points East and South. Two fast trains leave St. Paul Minneapolis and Duluth daily, equipped with Pullman Vestibule Dining Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of the latest design. This Dining Car Service is unsurpassed, which accounts to a great degree, for the popularity of this line. The Wisconsin Central Lines, in connection with Northern Pacific R. R., is the only line from Pacific Coast points over which both Pullman Vestibule, first-class, and Pullman Tourist Cars are operated via St. Paul without change to Chicago.

pamphlets giving valuable information can be obtained free upon application to your nearest ticket agent, or JAS. C. POND, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

## J. B. Story & Son,

successors to MONTGOMERY & STORY,

## ICE CREAM PARLOR

AND DEALER IN

## GROCERIES,

TOBACCO & CIGARS.

## Summer Drinks,

FRUITS & VEGETABLES

IN THEIR SEASON.

J. B. STORY & SON,

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS

## STEEL WIRE FENCE BOARD

AND

## STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE.

Manufactured Only by

DE KALB FENCE CO., - De Kalb, Ill.

-FOR SALE BY-

A. P. Ames, Antioch, Ill.

## BE RELIEVED

RIAL FREE.

Relief For those who are suffering from Indigestion, Nervous Debility, and all forms of nervousness. Many testimonials from victims who have been restored to health, manly vigor and happiness. Send 12 cents postage for free trial, \$1.00 per package or 4 for \$3.00 sent securely sealed from observation. Address

THE CLARY MEDICINE CO.,

315 ARCADE AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.





The Denver Evening Sun gave two tons of rabbits to the poor.

E. H. Jones has been convicted of murder at Georgetown, Ohio.

John Clamers killed his brother near Elba, Ala., on account of 80 cents.

Prominent business-men of Akron, Ohio, are being fined for attending a chicken fight.

It is denied that the Oregon Navigation company will separate from the Union Pacific.

England has decided to increase her navy by the addition of three powerful cruisers.

Gen. Gourko, the military autocrat of Russian-Poland, is reported to be near death.

The city of Wabash has sold \$34,000 worth of 5 per cent school bonds to the Union Trust company of Indianapolis at par. The fund will be used to construct the new high school building.

Another movement has been started at Des Moines, Iowa, to raise a John Mahin relief fund. Mahin's house, it will be remembered, was blown up with dynamite at Muscatine last summer.

W. R. Ray, city marshal of Smithboro, Ill., Weddowfield, and Wilburn have been held to the grand jury in \$1,000 bonds for complicity in the killing of William Sanderfer Christmas eve.

The Illinois sheep breeders' association at Springfield elected C. J. Pullman, president; W. J. Potts, vice-president; John G. Springer, secretary and treasurer; David Gore, S. E. Prather, R. G. Stone and Henry Cass, executive committee.

The inquest over the Louisville bridge disaster has begun.

Ex-Sheriff Lemuel H. Willis was indicted at Sullivan, Ind., for the murder of ex-Prosecuting Attorney William C. Hultz.

Samuel Nelson, 13 years old, was thrown from a train and killed at Portsmouth, Ohio.

Depositors of the defunct Stone City (Ill.) bank have placed combined claims for \$100,000 in the hands of a lawyer to collect.

John Hart of Hagerstown, Ind., was made insane by an attack of grip. He attempted to kill his little girl. He will be taken to an asylum.

Two masked men robbed George W. Taylor near South McAlester, I. T. He had just sold two carloads of potatoes and was on his way home.

Miners at Ashland, Wis., refuse to go to work at the reduced wages offered them. Their action causes them to continue dependent on charity.

The first attempt to sell \$37,000 in tax certificates was made at Hurley, Wis. Dan Scott of Saxon was the only purchaser to the amount of \$150.

D. T. Whitcomb, superintendent of the Union railroad company at Indianapolis for fifteen years, will be retired March 1.

The loss on the Globe theater fire at Boston is placed at \$250,000, with a loss to insurance companies of between \$50,000 and \$75,000.

James Dostal was arrested at Dubuque, Iowa, and confessed to robbing several stores and the postoffice. The robberies have occurred at intervals in the last month.

Edward Nehls, 20 years old, was killed in the elevator of a factory at Dubuque, Iowa, where he was employed. His head was caught in an opening and almost cut off.

Station Agent Naylor and the night operator at the Missouri Pacific depot at Palo, Kan., were robbed of two gold watches and about \$50 in money by three masked men.

Charles Slusher of Louisville, Ky., and Charles Vokes of Covington, Ky., fought last night in Louisville with five-ounce gloves for the lightweight championship of the state. Slusher won in the thirtieth round.

Charles Rose, who escaped from the Greenville, Ill., jail, was captured at Sorento trying to rob a hardware store.

E. A. Nelson, treasurer of Brunswick, Ga., has been removed. He has left the city and is supposed to be short in his accounts \$30,000 to \$50,000.

John Sullivan, under arrest at St. Louis, has confessed to robbing the offices of the Real Estate exchange seven times within two months.

An unknown man, who had said he was from Jackson, was found frozen to death on the road near Cambridge Junction, Mich. He had been drinking.

Mrs. S. B. Power, who writes over the signature Shirley Dore, is charged by her son with stealing manuscript from the New York Housewife.

The schooner Mary Brown, which sailed from Sand Point, Alaska, seventy days ago, carrying six passengers and a number of Indians, is believed to have been lost.

John Connors and Miss Eva Flint, who have been charged with complicity in the Kessler train robbery, were released at Albion, Ind. No case could be found against them.

The Minnesota legislative committee that investigated the "coal combine" must pay \$3,500 to J. J. Rhodes, the manager of the bureau of coal statistics. This is the final award in the suit for damages recently decided.

The Countess Fanny Zampini Salazar gave her farewell lecture to an American audience at the house of Mrs. Henry Draper, No. 271 Madison avenue, New York City, yesterday afternoon. She sails for home to-day on the Columbia and hopes to return again later with her family.

Vancill and Brown were sentenced at Pana, Ill., to four and two years, respectively, for robbing the store of G. V. Penwell.

C. S. Ingalls, a sign painter, fatally stabbed James Repleinger, marshal of St. James, Minn.

Edward S. Sykes of Minneapolis has been awarded the contract for building the waterworks at Centrolia, Ill., for \$34,983.

Lee Torrest, superintendent of the Iowa Central round house at Albia, Iowa, was beaten by tramps and is in a critical condition.

The 4-year-old daughter of James Turner of Farmington, Iowa, was burned to death by having her clothes ignited from a miner's fuse.

William and Edward Hawkins and James Hadley were bruised about the arms and head by the explosion of a can of powder at Brazil, Ind.

Frederick Tescher, 24 years old, was arrested at South Bend, Ind., charged with giving poison to Lilly Lloyd, with which she attempted suicide.

A meeting of republican league clubs will be held at Minneapolis, Minn., in February and will be addressed by Thomas B. Reed and Gov. McKinley.

John Levicks quarreled with George Sturgis at Fairfield, Iowa. He pursued him with a gun, but fell; the gun was discharged and killed Levicks' 10-year-old son.

The assignees of the W. F. Thornton & Sons bank at Shelbyville, Ill., paid the first installment of 15 per cent of the liabilities. The amount paid out was \$71,000.

Michael Dunlevy was cut with a razor while returning from a dance at Racine, Wis. He is in a critical condition. He says Louis Purcell was the assailant, but Purcell denies it.

John Moses, proprietor of the Glasgow pottery at Trenton, N. J., offered his employees English wages with the present tariff of 35 per cent added. The workmen declined to accept.

Anton Emly, a farmer at Huntington, Ind., assigned. Liabilities \$14,900.

Matney and Curry, merchants at Sorento, Ill., assigned. Assets, \$5,000; liabilities, \$3,800.

The Denver, Colo., Savings bank reopened. The People's Savings bank declared a dividend.

Arthur Warner, 30 years of age, was killed at Skilton, Ohio, by an Ohio and Mississippi train.

The shooting of Hubert Hunt by Jose Blanco on Christmas day at San Quintin, Cal., has proved to have been accidental.

The Globe National bank of Providence, R. I., passed its dividend, the result of Teller Bennett's defalcation.

A Miss Shelton of Hendersonville, Ky., instantly killed her friend, Miss Allen, by the accidental discharge of a pistol.

Frederick Law Olmsted, the landscape artist, is in Cincinnati devising plans for the improvement of the parks in this city, on which over \$1,000,000 is to be expended.

James Terhune, living near Lexington, Mo., was shot by a son of Elijah Neer. The boys were playing with a shotgun and didn't know it was loaded.

S. L. Day commenced his duties as postmaster at Paxton, Ill.

Philip Schramm was robbed at his home in Woodstock, Ill., by a man wearing a mask.

William McCallum of Neenah, Wis., was fatally hurt by a Northwestern train.

**A Boon to Humanity.**  
A number of our great and most in vetebrate tobacco smokers and chewers have quit the use of the filthy weed.

The talmidim article that does the work is No-to-bac. The reform was started by Aaron G. Guber, who was a confirmed slave for many years to the use of tobacco. He tried the use of No-to-bac, and to his great surprise and delight it cured him. Hon. C. W. Ashcom, who had been smoking for sixty years, tried No-to-bac, and it cured him. Col. Samuel Stoutener, who would cut up tobacco like a cow, has tried this wonderful remedy, and even Samuel, after all his years of slavery, lost the desire. J. C. Collier, Lesing Evans, Frank Dell, George H. May, C. O. Skillington, Hanson Robinson, Frank Hershberger, John Shinn and others have since tried No-to-bac and in every case they report, not only a cure of the tobacco habit, but a wonderful improvement in their general physical and mental condition, all of which goes to show that the use of tobacco had been injurious to them in more ways than one.

All of the above gentlemen are so well pleased with the results that we do not hesitate to join them in recommending it to suffering humanity, as we have thoroughly investigated and are satisfied that No-to-bac does the work well and is a boon to mankind.

The cost is trifling—a dollar a box—and the makers, The Sterling Remedy company, have so much faith in No-to-bac that they absolutely guarantee three boxes to cure any case, or refund money. One box in every instance in the above, effected a cure, with one or two exceptions. No-to-bac has a wonderful sale upon its merits alone, throughout the United States, and can be secured at almost any drug store in this country or Canada, and it is made by The Sterling Remedy company, Chicago office, 45 Randolph street; New York office, 10 Spruce street.

[From The Press, Everett, Pa., Dec. 15, 1893.]

**LYNCHED FOR HOG STEALING.**  
An Arkansas Mob Adds Another Crime to Capital Offenses.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Jan. 6.—News of the lynching of a negro named Alf Davis in Lone Oak county yesterday has reached this city. Davis was under arrest for hog stealing, and the constable had charge of him when a mob took him from the officer and hung him. The coroner's verdict was that "Davis came to his death at the hands of unknown parties." There is some excitement among the colored people in that particular neighborhood, but there is no fear of trouble.

## WHITE CITY ON FIRE.

## DISASTROUS CONFLAGRATION AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Music Hall, Casino and the Peristyle Destroyed—Manufactures Building Damaged—One Fireman Killed and Two Injured—Heavy Financial Loss.

CHICAGO, Jan. 6.—The new year began its mission of destruction at the White City yesterday by invoking the assistance of fire, quick to destroy in minutes the work of months. About 6 o'clock the fire started, either in the Peristyle or the Casino building, and the wind coming from the southeast off the lake whipped the fire into great sheets of flame which encircled the Casino, and soon it was a mass of embers. The Agricultural building, just west and scarce a stone's throw away, was imperiled. But the fire fed upon material closer at hand. Having wrought its will upon the Casino, it leaped with strides northward along the Peristyle. It sped along the grand gateway to the Fair, like a molten stream. Great pieces of cornice fell with a crash, the corrugated columns fell, and ragged, scorched ends of beams away and fall. The fire, unstayd, and so hot it can scarce be approached, moves on northward, and Music hall at the north end of the lake front colonnade is afire.

From this point and from the Agricultural building and all along the west front or landward side of the Peristyle the fire department has, from the start of the fire in the Casino, been combating it, fighting it desperately but without avail. The combustible, summer-dried material of which the Casino and Peristyle were built, were like tinder. The staff, even the heavy moldings, afforded no protection. Heated cornices and plaster coating cracked away and, exposing the pitch-pine beneath, gave rich provender for the fire to consume.

The sight was most stupendous, glowingly magnificent when the arch of the Peristyle was reached. Flames enveloped it with a surge, and the great Quadriga, typifying "The Triumph of Columbus," horses, chariots, figures and all, were wrapt in a fiery mantle—and the grandest group of statuary at the World's Fair crumbled, fell away into blackened dust. Just to the west of the Peristyle, on the landward side, in the grand basin, stood Columbia, French's gigantic statue; and she, gold-robed, looked all aglow in the flame, which so scorched and imperiled the figure that great gold flakes sealed off and fell into the lagoon, throwing up clouds of steam.

All this time the flames were leaping along the Peristyle. The firemen essayed to stop the progress of the fire ineffectually. The Music hall being reached, it was swept away in a few moments. But while it was afire the great disaster of the fire occurred, which at once imperiled the White City, all of it.

When the fire was at its height the flames shot up and were twisted and whirled over toward the Manufactures building, the great, thirty-two-acre edifice, where the liberal arts of the world were exhibited at the Fair. Great chunks of red-hot embers and blazing beams were upheaved as if impelled by an explosion. The flames shot westward toward the great building, and showers of coals fell upon the roof. The cry was that the Manufactures building was on fire.

The flames jumped clear across the broad avenue between Music hall and the Liberal Arts edifice. The southeast corner of the great structure seemed to be pelted with a hail of fiery flakes, but the flames in the building, the token it was afire, appeared away above the corner so fiercely attacked.

A flame, small but menacing, first showed itself away up on the roof of the main building, underneath the roof walk on the east side or lake front, and up near the center of the building, 700 or 800 feet from the seething fire that was destroying Music hall. So soon as this jet of flame was discovered, firemen rushed to the rescue, bringing up hose by the long flight of outside stairs at the southwest corner of the building.

There were no less than 20,000 cages, many as large as a freight car, imperiled. Four engines were driven into the building, and half a dozen streams from stationary hydrants as well were thrown upon the embers as they fell and scattered over the floor and among the exhibits. The Russian pavilion, made of the resinous pine of that land was first endangered. The fire department directed all attention to save it, but at 9:15 o'clock the pavilion and all the exhibits were wrapped in flames. The destruction was complete. Next the Austrian section succumbed. At 9:45 the French section was ablaze. At 9:45 the beautiful pavilion was destroyed, and the best part of the exhibits were so surrounded by fire that saving them seemed impossible.

The fire was well fought in the Manufactures building, where such valuable property and so much of it was endangered. At one time the firemen had fire to fight in all parts of the great building, and they were constantly in peril of their lives. Falling beams and chunks of burning wood and great panes of glass jeopardized them every moment of the prolonged and desperate fight.

At 11 o'clock there came a resting spell. At midnight, though still slowly burning, or smoldering in the roof, the great fire was over—and the White City, though marred beyond recognition, had not wholly vanished.

Roughly estimated, when the breathing spell came, it is claimed that the loss on buildings will reach about \$800,000, while the estimate of losses on the exhibits cannot be accurately

formed until the cases containing the stored goods can be examined.

The fire started in the second story of the Casino, the building at the south end of the Peristyle. For two weeks the building has been tenanted. It cannot be reckoned, therefore, that the fire was other than designedly started, or mayhap some tramp has domiciled himself in the building and accidentally started the awful conflagration.

The great fire was not without its work of death and injury. William Mackey of 845 Forty-eighth street, plump, of Engine Company No. 6, fell from a ladder on the Peristyle. He was internally injured and died at Mercy hospital. Capt. Frederick Gotz of Truck Company No. 16 fell from the roof of Manufactures building and had left leg broken, chest badly injured and internally hurt. Eugene Durand, watchman in the French section of the Manufactures building, was struck on the head by a plank and badly cut and bruised.

## PAINTER MUST HANG.

Governor Altgeld Refuses to Interfere Further in the Case.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Jan. 6.—George H. Painter, sentenced to death for the murder of Alice Martin, will be hanged Friday next. Gov. Altgeld has refused to interfere in the execution of the sentence. He reviewed the testimony, briefly covering the evidence that



GEORGE H. PAINTER.

Painter had frequently threatened and choked the woman and was positively seen in the house the night she was murdered. He said that leaving out all other affidavits, the state had made a clear case against Painter. He made the strong point that even if all the new evidence was true Dick Edwards, who it is claimed really committed the murder, had not been traced to the house the fatal night. If he could entertain a doubt he said he would grant a commutation, but he could see no defect in the case now ground for interference.

## CORBETT-MITCHELL FIGHT.

The Duval Club Going Ahead with the Preparations.

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.—When the news reached New York yesterday that Attorney-General Lamar had declared that the Mitchell-Corbett prize fight could not be held in Florida the sporting element was in confusion. Many telegrams were sent to Jacksonville asking what the position of the Duval club would be in the face of this last announcement. Good lawyers say that the club can prevent legal interference, but it would be folly for its officers to betray the strength of its position to the enemy.

President Mason of the club left for New York last night, and upon his arrival there he will open an office for the sale of seats and boxes for the fight. He will also establish agencies in all the large cities of New England and the middle states. Later on an office will be opened in Chicago and perhaps at other western points.

**MRS. LEASE TO BE EDITOR.**  
Will Take Charge of a Populist Daily at Omaha. It is Said.

OMAHA, Neb., Jan. 6.—Mary Ellen Lease, it is reported, is going to remove to Omaha and take editorial charge of a populist daily. For the last year the populist of Nebraska have been working to secure sufficient money to start an evening daily and already several thousand dollars have been subscribed for the paper. The question that has agitated them has been who will edit it.

At last it was suggested that Mrs. Lease would be the proper person. She was corresponded with and it is said that she replied accepting the offer. The paper is still far in the distance, but it is said that it will be started, as the state organization in convention so declared last week.

**May Follow Dr. Briggs.**  
NEW YORK, Jan. 6.—A meeting of no importance, according to Dr. Charles A. Briggs, was held at his house last night. It lasted until after midnight. There was a rumor that some action would be taken on the proposition that Union Theological seminary sever all connection with the general assembly of the Presbyterian church. A reporter asked Dr. Briggs what was the result of the meeting, but he declined to talk and said it was merely a meeting of friends.

**Riot in the Ottumwa Jail.**  
OTTUMWA, Iowa, Jan. 6.—A riot occurred at the County jail last evening. Thirty persons got angry because they were refused more supper. They broke up all the furniture in the jail, tore off the cell doors, threw them into the corridor and pelted the family of the turnkey with coal, which they hurled through the "chuckhole." A platoon of police was called and quelled the disturbance. The ringleaders were locked in close cells.

**Centennial Mine Is Again Worked.**  
HAWCOCK, Mich., Jan. 6.—The Centennial mine, which has been closed since last spring, has resumed operations. Drifting will be done on the Osceola lode in No. 3 shaft.

## BLEW OPEN THE SAFE.

## BOLD POSTOFFICE ROBBERY AT DELAVAN, WIS.

The Work Done by Three Masked Men—They Stole a Livery Rig and Escape—Thought to Be Chicago Cracksmen—Amount Taken Not Known.

CHICAGO, Jan. 6.—Word has been received here that three masked robbers broke into the Delavan, Wis., postoffice at 3 o'clock yesterday, blew open the safe, secured all the cash and stamps it contained, bound and gagged the night watchman, forced the night clerk in a livery stable to give them a horse and surrey, and then bound and gagged him and made their escape.

The robbers were at work on the safe in the postoffice when Chauncey Sage, the night watchman, first saw them. Evidently he attempted to rout them single-handed and failed. The robbers overpowered him and compelled him at the points of three revolvers to go into the office, where they gagged him, bound him hand and foot, and dumped him into a corner. Then the burglars went back to their work. Sage, securely gagged and bound, heard them resume their drilling and could distinguish every motion they made. They said nothing, however, that would lead to their identification.

The door was opened and the thieves pulled out everything of value in the safe. Money and stamps were quickly thrown into the bags the robbers carried, the rubbish was kicked up into a pile in a corner and the trio left the office.

Sage was able to follow the whole proceedings, but was powerless to give an alarm. He remained tied in the corner until discovered there by Watchman Sturtevant about 6 o'clock. The robbers then proceeded to a livery stable and forced the attendant to harness a team to a surrey and drove away. They went in the direction of Clinton Junction, which is twelve miles away. If they drove rapidly they had time enough to get there and catch the Chicago and Northwestern train due in Chicago at 6 o'clock yesterday morning.

This was before the news of the robbery had reached Chicago, so there was no danger of their being apprehended at the train, and they would have had plenty of time to get into hiding in the city.

Of the two men who saw the robbers Uley is able to give the better description, but even this is far from satisfactory. There was only a dim light burning in the stable, and they were well muffled up with their caps drawn down over their eyes.

Sage can give almost no description. They overpowered him and put him in another room from the one in which he was working almost before he knew what had happened.

Delavan is a town of 2,000 inhabitants, thirty-nine miles west of Western Union junction on the St. Paul road and about one hundred miles from Chicago. It is a summer resort of considerable popularity, but there would not be likely to be any great amount of cash in the postoffice there. H. T. Sharp is the postmaster.

**CRESPO RE-ELECTED.**  
Venezuela's President Continued in Office—Forgers Got \$64,000.

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.—The steamer Venezuela arrived from Venezuela ports to-day, bringing news of the election of Gen. Crespo as president of Venezuela.

On Dec. 30 four persons succeeded in passing a forged check of a prominent depositor in the Bank of Caracas and secured \$54,000.

**KILLED THE PEACEMAKER.**  
Texas Physician Shot While Trying to Stop a Duel Between Two Boys.

BRENNHAM, Texas, Jan. 6.—At Independence late yesterday afternoon there was a difficulty between Charles Clay and Aaron Shannon, two young men, aged 16 and 19 years respectively. Shannon opened fire on Clay, two balls taking effect, one in the chin and the other in the stomach, inflicting probably fatal wounds. Clay drew his six-shooter and commenced shooting just as Dr. W. H. Waters reached the scene to stop the difficulty, and the first bullet from Clay's pistol struck the doctor in the shoulder, killing him instantly. Dr. Waters was a prominent and influential citizen.

**OHIO TOWN SCORCHED.**  
Business Portion of Bryerton Destroyed by an Incendiary Fire.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., Jan. 6.—Late last night a fire was discovered in Henry Churshman's saloon at Bryerton, Ohio, forty miles east of Fort Wayne. The indications are that it was of incendiary origin. Churshman's saloon, Gowdy's saloon, Ralph L. Mingo's general store, N. G. Sauer's general store and the Mingo hotel were reduced to a heap of coals in a few hours. The loss is estimated at \$15,000, with small insurance.

**Gov. Bates Back at His Desk.**  
DES MOINES, Iowa, Jan. 6.—Gov. Bates has returned to Des Moines and is finishing up his work at the state-house. He shows the suffering through which he went at his home on account of his daughter's death.

## DOLE IS DEFIANT.

He Refuses to Step Down in Favor of Lillokalanai.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Jan. 6.—The revenue cutter Corwin arrived at the entrance of the harbor yesterday morning about 11 o'clock.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6.—Brief official dispatches were received last night from the Corwin, but it is stated that Minister Willis' full dispatches had not come through up till midnight. Secretary Gresham absent himself from his hotel till a late hour, and the only information given out was that he decided in the afternoon not to make public any news that might come during the evening. In spite of the secrecy observed, there is ground for believing that Minister Willis conveyed to the administration the absolute defiance of the provisional government, and that he recoiled his own communication with the queen and with President Dole. As far as can be gathered Willis did not understand that he was to await congressional action, but only that he was not to call out the marines without further instructions from Washington.

He went right ahead and demanded from the queen whether she would comply with the conditions. When she agreed he communicated with the provisional government and politely suggested that it go out of existence. The government declined to recognize any right of Minister Willis to negotiate for the restoration of the monarch. The minister told the queen she would have to wait, and the minister himself is waiting to know what step he shall take next. He especially wants instructions about the relations of himself to the provisional government when it transforms itself into a republic. According to the few hints dropped from official sources he does not apprehend an outbreak, though the excitement continues unabated. At least the positive statement is made that the administration does not think there was any trouble after the departure of the Corwin. The belief in Washington is that the vessel brought information that the status quo was still maintained, but the greatest interest is to learn how the queen received the news that the administration had done all it could for her restoration and had now turned her case over to congress.

**NO HOPE ON GOGEBIC RANGE.**  
Miners Would Be Glad to Work at Any Wages.

HURLEY, Wis., Jan. 6.—The hope that several mines on the Gogebic range would resume operations with small forces of men and at reduced wages has not been realized. The iron business is at the lowest ebb in the history of the northern Wisconsin and Michigan mining industry, and the mine owners are unwilling to open in definite. They cannot see the prospect of a return to normal conditions, and there is no use in mining now. There are no prospects that any of the other mines will resume inside of ninety days.

**Officers Have Located Chris Evans.**  
FRESNO, Cal., Jan. 6.—The latest news from the mountains is that Evans and Morrell, the bandits, have been located about four miles from Pine Flat. Officers were to surround the cabin last night.

**MARKET REPORTS.**  
CHICAGO.

CATTLE—Common to Prime. \$3.25 @ 4.10  
HOGS—Shipping grades. 4.05 @ 5.35  
SHEEP—Fair to choice. 1.25 @ 3.05  
WHEAT—No. 2 Red. 61 1/2 @ 62  
CORN—No. 2. 28 1/2 @ 29 1/2  
OATS—No. 2. 23 1/2 @ 24 1/2  
RYE—No. 2. 45 1/2 @ 46 1/2  
BUTTER—Choice creamery. 24 1/2 @ 25  
EGGS—Fresh. 12 @ 20  
POTCRONS—Peru. 15 @ 17

PEORIA.

RYE—No. 2. 46 @ 48  
CORN—No. 2 White. 33 1/2 @ 34  
OATS—No. 2 White. 23 1/2 @ 24

ST. LOUIS.

CATTLE—Common to Prime. 2.60 @ 4.20  
HOGS—Shipping grades. 5.00 @ 5.30  
WHEAT—No. 2 Red. 60 1/2 @ 61 1/2  
CORN—No. 2. 28 1/2 @ 29 1/2  
OATS—No. 2. 23 1/2 @ 24 1/2

CINCINNATI.

WHEAT—No. 2 Red. 59 @ 59  
CORN—No. 2 Mixed. 27 @ 27  
OATS—No. 2 Mixed. 22 @ 22  
TYPE—No. 2. 34 @ 34  
BARLEY—No. 2. 45 @ 47 1/2  
DAILY. 40 @ 50

BUFFALO.

WHEAT—No. 1 Hard. 72 @ 73  
CORN—No. 2 Yellow. 42 @ 43 1/2  
OATS—No. 2 White. 34 @ 34  
RYE—No. 2. 44 @ 46

MILWAUKEE.

WHEAT—No. 2. 59 @ 59 1/2  
CORN—No. 3. 33 @ 35  
OATS—No. 2 White. 29 1/2 @ 30  
BARLEY—No. 2. 45 @ 46 1/2  
RYE—No. 2. 45 @ 47 1/2  
PORK—New Mess. 12.05 @ 12.05

DETROIT.

WHEAT—No. 2. 60 1/2 @ 62 1/2  
CORN—No. 3 Yellow. 34 1/2 @ 35 1/2  
OATS—No. 2. 23 1/2 @ 24 1/2

KANSAS CITY.

CATTLE—Common to Prime. 4.00 @ 4.50  
HOGS—Shipping grades. 5.05 @ 5.







## A CURATE'S EPISTLE.

Will you marry a curate, Miss Ethel?  
Will you wed with a reverend man  
With a hundred and twenty pounds yearly,  
And glad to get that if he can?  
Will you never miss vapors or matins?  
Will you visit the poor in the rain?  
Will you give up your silks and your satins,  
And wear gingham and mousseline-de-laine?

Can you please the entire congregation—  
Keep all the societies hot—  
Barely praised if you're fit for the station,  
And roundly abused if you're not?  
Can you disregard sneering and scolding  
'Cause at home you're to work like a bee?  
Will you help to make beds in the morning  
And out bread and butter for tea?

Can you drudge all the day without pity?  
Can you darn, sew and stitch, and—not tire?  
Will you sit on the ladies' committee,  
And write out the poor in the choir?  
Will you stand by your husband when slighted  
By men who make light of his pains,  
Who have far more than ten times his income,  
And far less than half of his brains?

Married bishops may easily mingle  
Worldly wisdom with warning so dour;  
But I've taken no vows to keep silence,  
Though perhaps I may always be poor.  
Then if, as the wife of a curate,  
You could live, dear, say "Yes" without fuss;  
Don't be daunted by prelates odorous,  
And gladden your own Clergyus.

—London Tid-Bits.



A STUDY IN SCARLET.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

Sherlock Holmes rose and lit his pipe. "No doubt you think that you are complimenting me in comparing me to Dupin," he observed. "Now, in my opinion, Dupin was a very inferior fellow. That trick of his of breaking in on his friends' thoughts with an apropos remark after a quarter of an hour's silence is really very showy and superficial. He had some analytical genius, no doubt; but he was by no means such a phenomenon as Poe appeared to imagine."

"Have you read Gaboriau's works?" I asked. "Does Lecocq come up to your idea of a detective?"

Sherlock Holmes sniffed sardonically. "Lecocq was a miserable bungler," he said, in an angry voice; "he had only one thing to recommend him, and that was his energy. That book made me positively ill. The question was how to identify an unknown prisoner. I



HE HAD A LARGE BLUE ENVELOPE IN HIS HAND.

could have done it in twenty-four hours. Lecocq took six months or so. It might be made a text-book for detectives to teach them what to avoid."

I felt rather indignant at having two characters whom I had admired treated in this cavalier style. I walked over to the window, and stood looking out into the busy street. "This fellow may be very clever," I said to myself, "but he is certainly very conceited."

"There are no crimes and no criminals in these days," he said, querulously. "What is the use of having brains in our profession? I know well that I have it in me to make my name famous. No man lives or has ever lived who has brought the same amount of study and of natural talent to the detection of crime which I have done. And what is the result? There is no crime to detect, or, at most, some bungling villainy with a motive so transparent that even a Scotland Yard official can see through it."

I was still annoyed at his bumptious style of conversation. I thought it best to change the topic.

"I wonder what that fellow is looking for?" I asked, pointing to a stalwart, plainly-dressed individual who was walking slowly down the other side of the street, looking anxiously at the numbers. He had a large blue envelope in his hand, and was evidently the bearer of a message.

"You mean the retired sergeant of marines," said Sherlock Holmes. "Brag and bounce!" thought I to myself. "He knows that I cannot verify his guess."

The thought had hardly passed through my mind when the man whom we were watching caught sight of the number on our door, and ran rapidly across the roadway. We heard a loud knock, a deep voice below, and heavy steps ascending the stair.

"For Mr. Sherlock Holmes," he said, stepping into the room and handing my friend the letter.

Here was an opportunity of taking the conceit out of him. He little thought of this when he made that random shot. "May I ask, my lad," I said, blandly, "what your trade may be?"

"Commissionaire, sir," he said gruffly. "Uniform away for repairs."

"And you were?" I asked, with a slightly malicious glance at my companion.

"A sergeant, sir, Royal Marine Light Infantry, sir. No answer? Right, sir."

He clicked his heels together, raised his hand in a salute, and was gone.

CHAPTER III.

THE LAURISTON GARDENS MYSTERY.

I confess that I was considerably startled by this fresh proof of the practical nature of my companion's theories. My respect for his powers of analysis increased wondrously. There

still remained some lurking suspicion in my mind, however, that the whole thing was a prearranged episode, intended to dazzle me, though what earthly object he could have in taking me in was past my comprehension. When I looked at him he had finished reading the note and his eyes had assumed the vacant, lack-luster expression which showed mental abstraction.

"How in the world did you deduce that?" I asked.

"Deduce what?" said he, petulantly.

"Why, that he was a retired sergeant of marines."

"I have no time for trifles," he replied, brusquely. Then, with a smile:

"Excuse my rudeness. You broke the thread of my thoughts; but perhaps it is as well. So you actually were not able to see that that man was a sergeant of marines?"

"No, indeed."

"It was easier to know it than to explain why I know it. If you were asked to prove that two and two made four, you might find some difficulty, and yet you are quite sure of the fact. Even across the street I could see a great blue anchor tattooed on the back of the fellow's hand. That smacked of the sea. He had a military carriage, however, and regulation side-whiskers. There we have the marine. He was a man with some amount of self-importance and a certain air of command. You must have observed the way in which he held his head and swung his cane. A steady, respectable, middle-aged man, too, on the face of him—all facts which led me to believe that he had been a sergeant."

"Wonderful!" I ejaculated.

"Commonplace," said Holmes, though I thought from his expression that he was pleased at my evident surprise and admiration. "I said just now that there were no criminals. It appears that I am wrong—look at this!" He threw me over the note which the commissionaire had brought.

"Why," I cried, as I cast my eye over it, "this is terrible!"

"It does seem to be a little out of the common," he remarked, calmly.

"Would you mind reading it to me aloud?"

This is the letter which I read to him:

"MY DEAR MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES: There has been a bad business during the night at 3 Lauriston gardens, off the Brixton road. Our man on the beat saw a light there about two in the morning, and, as the house was an empty one, suspected that something was amiss. He found the door open, and in the front room, which is bare of furniture, discovered the body of a gentleman, well dressed and having cards in his pocket bearing the name of 'Enoch J. Drebber, Cleveland, O., U. S. A.' There had been no robbery, nor is there any evidence as to how the man met his death. There are marks of blood in the room, but there is no wound upon the person. We are at a loss as to how he came into the empty house; indeed, the whole affair is a puzzle. If you can come round to the house any time before twelve, you will find me there. I have left everything in statu quo until I hear from you. If you are unable to come I shall give you fuller details, and would esteem it a great kindness if you would favor me with your opinion."

"Yours faithfully, THOMAS GREGSON."

"Gregson is the smartest of the Scotland Yarders," my friend remarked; "he and Lestrade are the pick of a bad lot. They are both quick and energetic, but conventional—shoelegingly so. They have their knives into one another, too. They are as jealous as a pair of professional beauties. There will be some fun over this case if they are both put upon the scent."

I was amazed at the calm way in which he rippled on. "Surely there is not a moment to be lost," I cried.

"Shall I go and order you a cab?"

"I am not sure about whether I shall go. I am the most incurably lazy devil that ever stood in shoe leather."

"That is, when the fit is on me, for I can be spry enough at times."

"Why, it is just such a chance as you have been longing for."

"My dear fellow, what does it matter to me? Supposing I unravel the whole matter, you may be sure that Gregson, Lestrade & Co. will pocket all the credit. That comes of being an unofficial personage."

"But he begs you to help him."

"Yes. He knows that I am his superior, and acknowledges it to me; but he would cut his tongue out before he would own it to any third person. However, we may as well go and have a look. I shall work it out on my own hook. I may have a laugh at them, if I have nothing else. Come on!"

He hustled on his overcoat, and bustled about in a way that showed that an energetic fit had superseded the apathetic one.

"Get your hat," he said.

"You wish me to come?"

"Yes, if you have nothing better to do." A minute later we were both in a hansom, driving furiously for the Brixton road.

It was a very foggy, cloudy morning, and a dun-colored veil hung over the house tops, looking like the reflection of the mud-colored streets beneath. My companion was in the best of spirits, and prattled away about Cremona fiddles, and the difference between a Stradivarius and an Amati. As for myself, I was silent, for the dull weather and the melancholy business upon which we were engaged depressed my spirits.

"You don't seem to give much thought to the matter in hand," I said at last, interrupting Holmes' musical digression.

"No data yet," he answered. "It is a capital mistake to theorize before you have all the evidence. It biases the judgment."

"You will have your data soon," I remarked, pointing with my finger; "this is the Brixton road, and that is the house, if I am not very much mistaken."

"So it is. Stop, driver, stop!" We were still a hundred yards or so from it, but he insisted upon our alighting, and we finished our journey upon foot.

No. 3 Lauriston gardens wore an ill-omened and minatory look. It was one of four which stood back some little way from the street, two being occupied and two empty. The latter looked out with three tiers of vacant, melancholy windows, which were blank and dreary, save that here and there a "To Let" card had developed like a blotch upon the bleared panes.

A small garden sprinkled over with a scattered eruption of sickly plants separated each of these houses from the street, and was traversed by a narrow pathway, yellowish in color, and consisting apparently of a mixture of clay and of gravel. The whole place was very sloppy from the rain which had fallen through the night. The garden was bounded by a three-foot brick wall with a fringe of wood rails upon the top, and against this wall was leaning a stalwart police constable, surrounded by a small knot of loafers, who craned their necks and strained their eyes in the vain hope of catching some glimpse of the proceedings within.

I had imagined that Sherlock Holmes would at once have hurried into the house and plunged into a study of the mystery. Nothing appeared to be farther from his intention. With an air of nonchalance which, under the circumstances, seemed to me to border upon affectation, he lounged up and down the pavement, and gazed vacantly at the ground, the sky, the opposite houses, and the line of railings. Having finished his scrutiny, he proceeded slowly down the path, or rather, down the fringe of grass which flanked the path, keeping his eyes riveted upon the ground. Twice he stopped, and once I saw him smile and heard him utter an exclamation of satisfaction. There were many marks of footsteps upon the wet, clayey soil, but since the police had been coming and going over it, I was unable to see how my companion could hope to learn anything from it. Still, I had such extraordinary evidence of the quickness of his perceptive faculties that I had no doubt that he could see a great deal, which was hidden from me.

At the door of the house we were met by a tall, white-faced, flaxen-haired man, with a note-book in his hand, who rushed forward and wrung my companion's hand with effusion.

"It is indeed kind of you to come," he said; "I have had everything left untouched."

"Except that!" my friend answered, pointing to the pathway. "If a herd of buffaloes had passed along there could not be a greater mess. No doubt, however, you had drawn your own conclusions, Gregson, before you permitted this."

"I have had so much to do inside the house," the detective said, evasively. "My colleague, Mr. Lestrade, is here. I had relied upon him to look after this."

Holmes glanced at me, and raised his eyes sardonically. "With two such men as yourself and Lestrade upon the ground, there will not be much for a third party to find out," he said.

Gregson rubbed his hands in a self-satisfied way. "I think we have done all that can be done," he answered; "it's a queer case, though, and I knew your taste for such things."

"You did not come here in a cab?" asked Sherlock Holmes.

"No, sir."

"Nor Lestrade?"

"No, sir."

"Then let us go and look at the room." With which inconsequent remark he strode on into the house, followed by Gregson, whose features expressed his astonishment.

A short passage, bare planked and dusty, led to the kitchen and offices. Two doors opened out of it to the left and to the right. One of these had obviously been closed for many weeks. The other belonged to the dining-room, which was the apartment in which the mysterious affair had occurred. Holmes walked in, and I followed him with that sub-a feeling at my heart which the presence of death inspires.

It was a large, square room, looking all the larger for the absence of all furniture. A vulgar, glaring paper adorned the walls, but it was blotched in places with mildew, and here and there great strips had become detached



GAZED VACANTLY AT THE GROUND.

and hung down, exposing the yellow plaster beneath. Opposite the door was a showy fireplace, surmounted by a mantle-piece of imitation white marble. On one corner of this was stuck the stump of a red wax candle. The solitary window was so dirty that the light was hazy and uncertain, giving a dull gray tinge to everything, which was intensified by the thick layer of dust which coated the whole apartment.

All these details I observed afterward. At present my attention was centered upon the single grim, motionless figure which lay stretched upon the boards with vacant, sightless eyes staring up at the discolored ceiling. It was that of a man about forty-three or forty-four years of age, middle-sized, broad-shouldered, with crisp, curling black hair and a short, stubbly beard. He was dressed in a heavy broadcloth frock coat and waistcoat, with light colored trousers and immaculate collar and cuffs. A top hat, well brushed and trim, was placed upon the floor beside him. His hands were clenched and his arms thrown abroad, while his lower limbs were interlocked as though his death-struggle had been a grievous one. On his rigid face there stood an expression of horror and, as it seemed to me, of hatred, such as I have never seen upon human features. This malignant and terrible expression, combined with the low forehead, blunt nose and prognathous

jaw, gave the dead man a singularly simious and ape-like appearance, which was increased by his writhing, unnatural posture. I have seen death in many forms, but never has it appeared to me in a more fearsome aspect than in that dark, grimy apartment, which looked out upon one of the main arteries of suburban London.

Lestrade, lean and ferret-like as ever, was standing by the doorway, and greeted my companion and myself.

"This case will make a stir, sir," he remarked. "It beats anything I have seen, and I am no chicken."

"There is no claw," said Gregson.

"None at all," chimed in Lestrade.

Sherlock Holmes approached the body, and, kneeling down, examined it intently. "You are sure that there is no wound?" he asked, pointing to numerous gouts and splashes of blood which lay all round.

"Positive!" cried both detectives.

"Then, of course, this blood belongs to a second individual—presumably the murderer, if murder has been committed. It reminds me of the circum-



SHERLOCK HOLMES APPROACHED THE BODY.

stances attendant on the death of Van Jansen, in Utrecht, in the year 1884. Do you remember the case, Gregson?"

"No, sir."

"Read it up—you really should. There is nothing new under the sun. It has all been done before."

As he spoke, his nimble fingers were flying here, there and everywhere, feeling, pressing, unbuttoning, examining, while his eyes wore the same far-away expression which I have already remarked upon. So swiftly was the examination made that one would hardly have guessed the minuteness with which it was conducted. Finally, he sniffed the dead man's lips, and then glanced at the soles of his patent-leather boots.

"He has not been moved at all!" he asked.

"No more than was necessary for the purpose of our examination."

"You can take him to the mortuary now," he said. "There is nothing more to be learned."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A BRAVE SOLDIER.

He Fiddled While Undergoing the Loss of a Leg.

A hundred years ago the unfortunate people who came into the hands of the surgeons, generally soldiers or sailors who had been hurt in action, were forced to undergo the operations necessary to the prolongation of life without taking ether or chloroform, as is now administered to make the patient unconscious, and so free from pain attendant upon the operation. To secure quiet often the subject had to be bound by ropes, so that much as he might desire to wince he was utterly unable to do so. Occasionally patients would show remarkable fortitude at the crisis of their trouble, but none ever showed more than a soldier, who, on the morning after the battle of Yorktown (October 19, 1781), was brought into the hospital, having been shot in the knee. It was found necessary to amputate the limb, and the surgeon ordered the nurses to bind the man fast preparatory to the operation.

"Never!" protested the soldier. "You may tear my heart from my breast, but you shall not bind me! Can you get me a fiddle?"

His request was complied with, and he proceeded to tune the instrument, after which he said: "So, doctor, now you can begin." And he played during the whole of the operation, which lasted forty minutes, without uttering a single false note or disturbing his features in the slightest.—Harper's Young People.

A LITTLE BEYOND HER.

It Was Necessary for Charles to Revise His Language.

She was a pretty country girl, rustic but sweet and innocent as a flower.

He was an artist from the city, and a poet, and he loved the rustic maiden.

It is so sweet to love in the pristine prettiness of the provinces.

He had found it so, and this soft night in September, when the moon was touching the earth and the air with its silver fingers, he had chosen to tell his love and claim the heart he felt was throbbing in unison with his own.

As she sat by him there in the gloaming, with the soft breezes making harp strings of her golden hair, there was a tender music in his heart he had never known before.

"Dear one," he murmured as he held her hand tightly in his, "I love you; love you with all the energy of my passionate nature, and, here, this night, in the presence of the stars and yonder lambent Luna, I ask you to give me that place in your young affections every true man should be given at the hand of the woman he would make his own forever."

He was slightly rattled, but she held to his hand.

"Charles," she whispered as she nestled her head on his manly bosom, "if that means a proposal, I'm your humbleberry; but if you mean it for a description of the scenery, you'd better look out for the dog."

And Charles revised his language.—Detroit Free Press.

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